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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

SEPTEMBER, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Lang and Boisgobey

MRS. W. E. HENLEY, the widow of the poet, recently sent to *The Author,* of London, the following copy of a triolet, written on a postcard from Lang to her husband, and illustrating Lang's keen delight in lurid novels of the detective school:

A CHORTLE

Two novels of Boisgobey's
Are coming out next week!
A pleasant place the globe is,
Two novels of Boisgobey's!
Their cunning plot to probe is
The very thing I seek.
Two novels of Boisgobey's
Are coming out next week!

Andrew Lang delighted in detective novels, and Boisgobey, whose real name was Castille, was a master of the art. He wrote some twenty novels between 1870 and 1890, and sometimes two books appeared simultaneously. It is said that a London firm of publishers is seriously contemplating a complete fresh edition of Boisgobey's works.

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The Source of Monte Cristo

In the course of *Napoleon in Exile: Elba,* an account of the events from March 31, 1814, when the Allies entered Paris, until Napoleon's landing at Dolfe Jouan, March 1, 1815, Mr. Norwood Young throws a light on the possible source of Alexander Dumas's *The Count of Monte Cristo.* He thinks there can be little doubt that it was Dumas's visit to Elba in search of *Napoleonic memories,* in which he passed a little to the south the Island of Monte Cristo, a barren rock, rising like a pyramid straight from the sea to a height of two thousand feet, that gave him not only the name, but much of the conception of his story. The iron mines of Elba with their inexhaustible wealth, the illustrious prisoner, the weird romance of these islands which had made such an impression on the youthful Napoleon, all contributed toward the creation of the famous tale.

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Sherlock in the Fleet

A recent issue of the London *Sketch* brings an account and a large number of pictures of an entertainment given on board one of the British warships guarding the North Sea which was attended by Admiral Jellicoe and about eight hundred officers. The piece, written and produced by officers of the ship, was entitled *You See Too*—"A Musical Farce in Seven Paroxisms." Briefly summarised, the plot told the adventures of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in the pursuit of a marvellous German submarine the "UC 2" sold by Germany to Turkey and transported overland to

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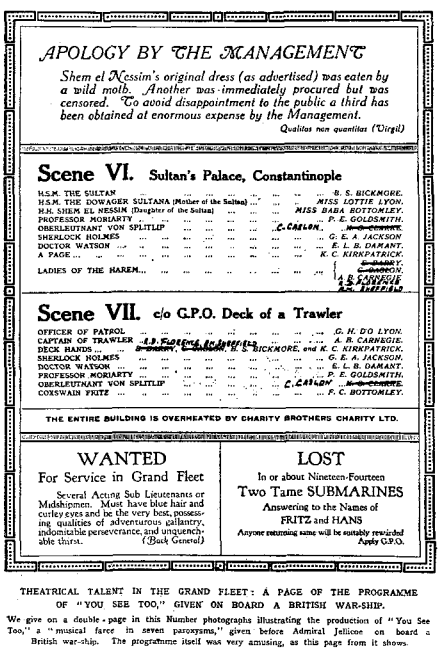
Constantinople. It is commanded by Oberleutnant von Splitlip. Sherlock's old enemy, Professor Moriarty, crosses his path, but Sherlock outwits him as usual. On arriving at Zeebrugge from Berlin, the "UC 2" is found to contain an old lady who had mistaken it for the Underground Railway. She is seized as a spy, put up against a wall, and "gassed." At the German Headquarters Holmes chloroforms the Kaiser and impersonates him. When Wilhelm revives, his orderly is confronted by two Kaisers, each ordering him to arrest the other. Arrived at Constantinople,



APOLOGY BY THE MANAGEMENT

Shem el Nessim's original dress (as advertised) was eaten by a wild moth. Another was immediately procured but was censored. To avoid disappointment to the public a third has been obtained at enormous expense by the Management.

Qualitas non quantitas (Virgil)

Scene VI. Sultan's Palace, Constantinople

H.S.M. THE SULTAN ... B. S. BICKNORE.
H.S.M. THE DOWAGER SULTANA (Mother of the Sultan) ... MISS LOTTIE LYON.
H.H. SHEM EL NESSIM (Daughter of the Sultan) ... MISS BABA BOTTOMLEY.
PROFESSOR MORIARTY ... P. E. GOLDSMITH.
OBERLEUTNANT VON SPLITLIP ... C. CARLTON.
SHERLOCK HOLMES ... G. E. A. JACKSON
DOCTOR WATSON ... E. L. B. DAMANT.
A PAGE ... K. C. KIRKPATRICK.
LADIES OF THE HAREM ...

Scene VII. c/o G.P.O. Deck of a Trawler

OFFICER OF PATROL ... G. H. DO LYON.
CAPTAIN OF TRAWLER ... A. B. CARNEGIE.
DECK HANDS ... and K. C. KIRKPATRICK.
SHERLOCK HOLMES ... G. E. A. JACKSON.
DOCTOR WATSON ... E. L. B. DAMANT.
PROFESSOR MORIARTY ... P. E. GOLDSMITH.
OBERLEUTNANT VON SPLITLIP ... F. C. BOTTOMLEY.
CONSWAIN FRITZ ...

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WANTED
For Service in Grand Fleet
Several Acting Sub Lieutenants or Midshipmen. Must have blue hair and curley eyes and be the very best, possessing qualities of adventurous gallantry, indomitable perseverance, and uniquenly able thirst.
(Buck General)

LOST
In or about Nineteen-Fourteen
Two Tame SUBMARINES
Answering to the Names of
FRITZ and HANS
Anyone returning same will be suitably rewarded
Apply G.P.O.

THEATRICAL TALENT IN THE GRAND FLEET: A PAGE OF THE PROGRAMME OF "YOU SEE TOO," GIVEN ON BOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.

We give on a double-page in this Number photographs illustrating the production of "You See Too," a "musical farce in seven paroxysms," given before Admiral Jellicoe on board a British war-ship. The programme itself was very amusing, as this page from it shows.

Holmes and Watson gain access to the Sultan's harem disguised as a camel, which the Sultan is persuaded to buy for his widowed mother, the Sultana. Eventually Holmes and Dr. Watson reach old England in triumph and the "UC 2" with Professor Moriarty and von Splitlip on board.

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Among the associations which bound the Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, to America was his membership in the Authors Club of New York. With the exception of Lord Bryce, Maartens was, in the point of time, the oldest honourary member of the organisation. The list of surviving honourary members of the Authors Club includes the names of John Morley, Jean Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador to the United States, Andrew Carnegie, Andrew D. White, Frederic Harrison, Austin Dobson, and William Dean Howells. Most of these men were at some time regular members of the club. Maartens had been associated with the Authors since 1895. In the spring of that year the name J. M. M. van der Poortch Schwartz—that being the real name of the Dutch novelist—was brought up for election. There was some natural gasps of amazement. The late "Bill" Nye brought in a suggestion that the membership committee act on the first half of the name at once, but hold over the last half until the autumn, when the weather would be cool.

Maarten Maartens

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Maarten Maartens was born in Amsterdam in 1858, and educated at the universities of Bonn and Utrecht. His first novel, *The Sin of Joost Abelingh,* published in 1890, was written in English. He was once asked how he came to write fiction, especially fiction in English. He told how he had been to England as a boy, and later had travelled a good deal in the country. Therefore, when, in the course of a holiday, he sat down to try his hand at his first story, he decided to try it in English, believing that England and the United States offered him a wider field than did his native Holland. But at first the venture seemed destined to failure. Everybody seemed to take it for granted that it was a translation of a Dutch story. He could not find a publisher, and eventually he brought the book out at his own risk. He never could entirely live down the misapprehension that his books were translations. As a matter of fact they became translations only when they were done into Dutch and German.

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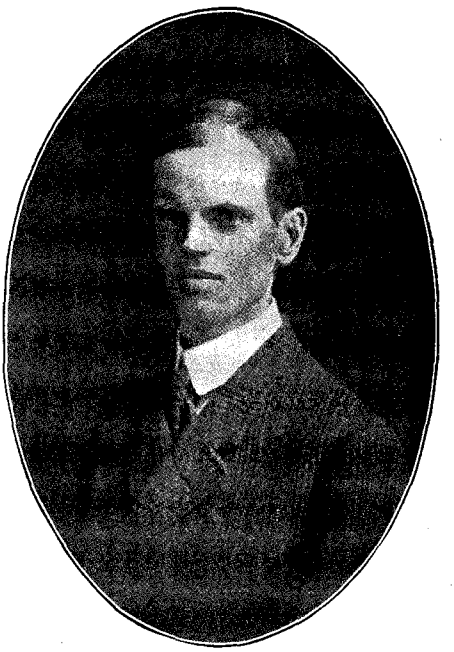
One of the reasons that led Maarten Maartens to choose English as a medium for expression was that while he regarded Dutch as very fine for higher prose or poetry, for lighter literature he thought English superior. "It is more flexible, nimbler," he said, "only don't suppose, as I saw it stated somewhere, that the Dutch peasants know English. Oh, dear, no; but still the Dutch are very good linguists." Among his books *God's Fool* was his only favourite, although many people considered *The Greater Glory* a better novel. "I endeavour to write stories," he once said, "which shall, as closely as I can make them, be reflections of real life. The extent to which I succeed in that is the extent to which I am content with what I write, and the interest the books have created has naturally greatly gratified me. The more I think of it, the more I am amazed at this interest; and it is not in England only that it exists, but also in America. You see the circumstances are so unusual—a Dutchman appealing to English speaking people. In writing English, too, there is the disadvantage of being unconsciously betrayed into Dutch forms of expression. For the rest, my position stands by itself, of course, and in that alone there is an enormous advantage."

• • •

Siwash

On the morning of August eleventh, when the papers chronicled the death of George Fitch, the author of *At Good Old Siwash* and *Homeburg Memories,* the writer of these paragraphs was on a train going into New York from one of the New Jersey suburbs. A friend called his attention to the death notice. "It's too late now," said the friend mournfully. "I've always intended to write to Fitch to ask him just what college he had in mind as the original Siwash. I am pretty well convinced that he meant my own college, Kenyon, for I recognise all the types. Personally I knew Ole Skjarsen, Prince Hogboom, Allie Bangs, Keg Rearick, Pepey Simmonds and the rest of them. At any rate I knew men who resembled them very much." While there are sound grounds for this feeling of familiarity, as a matter of fact George Fitch never had any particular college in mind as a definite model. He once said: "Siwash isn't Michigan in disguise. It isn't Kansas. It isn't Knox. It isn't Minnesota. It isn't Tuskegee, Texas, or Tufts. It is just Siwash College. I built it myself with a typewriter



GEORGE FITCH

out of memories, legends, and contributed tales from a score of colleges. I have tried to locate it myself a dozen times, but I can't. I have tried to place my thumb on it firmly and say, 'There, darn you, stay put.' But no halfback was ever so elusive as this infernal college. Just as I have it located on the Knox College campus, which I myself once infested, I look up to find it on the Kansas prairies. I surround it with infinite caution and attempt to nail it down there. Instead I find it in Minnesota with a strong Norwegian accent running through the course of study. Worse than that, I often find it in two

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or three places at once. It is harder to corner than a flea. I never saw such a peripatetic school."

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The Voice of Kipling

It was not what Rudyard Kipling said in his recent recruiting speech in West Lancashire, but how he said it. The cynical philosophies of Treitschke and Bernhardi; such utterances as "France must be so completely crushed that she can never cross our path again," and "leave the people of a conquered country nothing but their eyes to weep with"; the "scrap of paper"; the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg violated; Louvain burned; Rheims cathedral bombarded; Lissauer's "Chant of Hate"; the Bryce report; the sinking of the *Lusitania*—all these are familiar enough. Yet somehow, in the manner in which Kipling summed them up and pointed the lesson to be learned from them there was a new note—a note that went home. It was not the Kipling of "They," and "Mrs. Bathurst," and "An Habitation Enforced," but the Kipling of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." Of the events that led up to the Great War he said:

The German went into this war with a mind which had been carefully trained out of the idea of every moral sense or obligation—private, public, or international. He does not recognise the existence of any law, least of all those he has subscribed to himself, in making war against combatants or non-combatants—men, women, and children. He has done from his own point of view very well indeed. All mankind bears witness to-day that there is no crime, no cruelty, no abomination that the mind of man can conceive which the German has not perpetrated, is not perpetrating, and will not perpetrate if he is allowed to go on. These horrors and perversions were not invented by him on the spur of the moment. They were arranged long beforehand—their very outlines are laid down in the German war-book. They are part of the system in which Germany has been scientifically trained. It is the essence of that system to make such a hell of the countries where her armies set foot that any terms she may offer will seem like heaven to the people whose bodies she has defiled and whose minds she has broken of set purpose and intention.

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To Rudyard Kipling the world to-day is sharply divided. There are human beings, and there are Germans. And, he says, the German knows it.

The German's answer to the world's loathing is: "I am strong. I kill. I shall go on killing by all means in my power till I have imposed my will on all human beings." He gives no choice. He leaves no middle way. He has reduced civilisation and all that civilisation means to the simple question of kill or be killed. Up to the present, as far as we can find out, Germany has suffered some three million casualties. She can suffer another three million, and, for aught we know, another three million after that. We have no reason to believe that she will break up suddenly and dramatically as a few people still expect. Why should she? She took two generations to prepare herself in every detail and through every fiber of her national being for this war. She is playing for the highest stakes in the world—the dominion of the world. It seems to me that she must either win or bleed to death almost where her lines run to-day. Therefore we and our Allies must continue to pass our children through fire to Moloch until Moloch perish.

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Mr. Kipling conjured up the idea of a conquering Germany, and what it would mean, not only for England and the rest of Europe, but also for the United States. He told his audience that they need not look far to see what it would mean to England.

In Belgium at this hour several million Belgians are making war-material or fortications for their conquerors. They are given enough food to support life as the German thinks it should be supported. By the way, I believe the United States of America supplies a large part of that food. In return, they are compelled to work at the point of the bayonet. If they object, they

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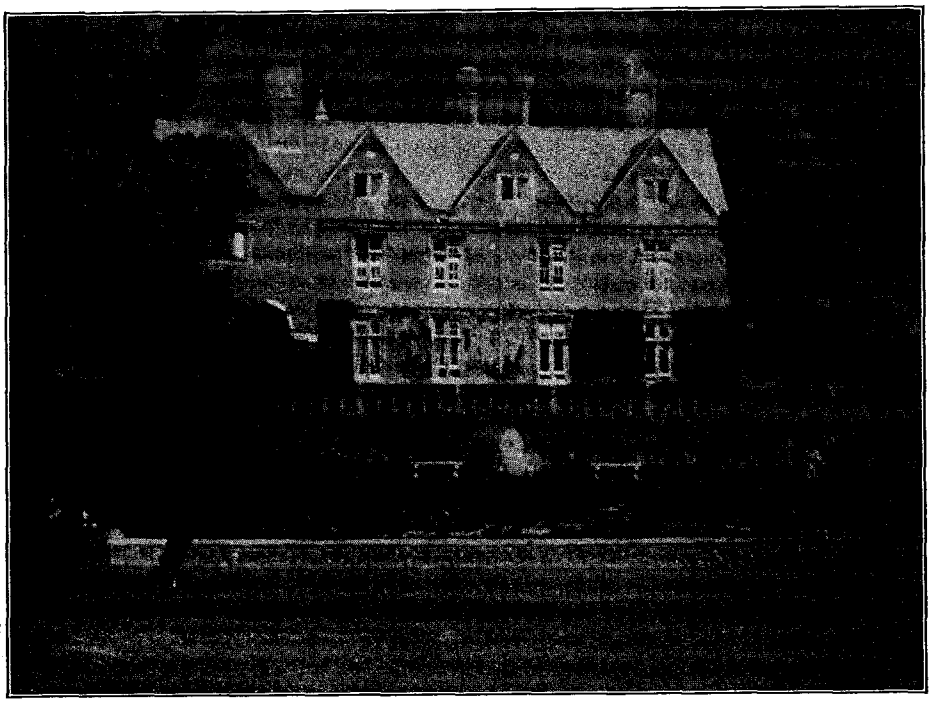

THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE NOW ENGLISH HENRY JAMES. MR. JAMES RECENTLY RENOUNCED HIS AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP AND BECAME A BRITISH SUBJECT, FEELING THAT IN VIEW OF HIS LONG RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND AND THE CLOSE FRIENDSHIPS HE HAS THERE HE SHOULD LEND THE BEST OF HIS SUPPORT TO HIS ADOPTED COUNTRY IN HER HOUR OF NEED

are shot. Their factories, their houses, and their public buildings have long ago been gutted, and everything in them that was valuable or useful has been packed up and sent into Germany. They have no more property and no more rights than cattle; and they can not lift a hand to protect the honour of their women.

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But Belgium's fate Mr. Kipling thinks is mild compared to the fate of England if England were overcome by the Kaiser.

There are special reasons in the German mind why we should be morally and mentally shamed and dishonoured beyond any other people—why we should be degraded till those who survive may scarcely dare to look each other in the face. Be perfectly sure, therefore, that if Germany is victorious every refinement of outrage which is within the compass of the German imagination will be inflicted on us in every aspect of our lives. Over and above this, no pledge we can offer, no guaranty we can give, will be accepted by Germany as binding. She has broken her own most solemn oaths, pledges, and obligations, and by the very fact of her existence she is bound to trust nothing and to recognise nothing except that of immediate superior force, backed by her illimitable cruelty. So, you see, there are no terms possible. Realise, too, if the Allies are beaten, there will be no spot on the globe where a soul can escape from the domination of this enemy of mankind. There has been childish talk that the Western hemisphere would offer a refuge from oppression. Put that thought from your mind. If the Allies were defeated, Germany would not need to send a single battleship over the Atlantic. She would issue an order and it would be obeyed. Civilisation would be bankrupt and the Western

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world would be taken over with the rest of the wreckage by Germany the Receiver.

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What an Attaché Saw

Unusually interesting among the war books of the hour is Eric Fisher Wood's *The Note Book of an Attaché,* which is an account of seven months in the war zone, in France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and England. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Wood, who had

ERIC FISHER WOOD

been a student in the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, presented himself at the American Embassy, and offered his services to Mr. Herrick. They were promptly accepted, and he was put to work. Those were busy days when the high tide of German invasion rolled almost to the gates of Paris. In his analysis of the Battle of the Marne the author pays a high tribute to the soldiers of the Republic:

The French won the battle because their field artillery was superior and because, man for man, they outfought the Germans. Having staked the fate of their families and of their beloved *patrie* upon a single throw, the French gained one of the most desperate battles in the world's history by the coolness and dogged determination of their chiefs and by the sublime tenacity and self-sacrifice of their soldiers. These outdid the best traditions of their race. At command they threw their lives away as a man throws away a trifle, and to meet new conditions they developed new qualities with which they have not previously been credited, qualities of stubborn scientific stolidity. They out-Germaned the Germans in the way their organisation withstood the shock and wrack of battle. It was the German machine which broke down first. On that field a new France was born. Let no German ever again say that she is effete. It was purely a French victory. This is no aspersion upon the Belgians and the British; the slight part which they played in this battle is explained by their small numbers. At Liege and Namur, at Mons and St. Quentin they helped win for France a fighting chance behind the Marne. All hail to them for that!

• • •

Mr. Wood tells one story that must be classed among the best that the war has produced:

At one point in the front line we heard this story relative to barbed-wire entanglements. A week ago a lieutenant and several of his men ventured forth at night and succeeded in crawling unobserved under the entanglements. Reaching the German trenches they leapt in among their enemies and did much execution; but becoming too enthusiastic, they overstayed their leave, so that none of them returned. The Germans, not wishing to be again surprised in such a disagreeable manner, on the next dark night slipped out of their trenches and hung a great quantity of cowbells upon the lower strands of their wire entanglements. Before many nights had passed another party of daring Frenchmen again essayed to crawl to the German trenches but, ringing up the cowbells, were all killed in the resulting fusillade.

Not content to leave the matter as it stood, an intrepid Frenchman crept out on the following night, unwinding a ball of twine as

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he advanced. He succeeded in attaching the end of this to a cowbell without making any noise to betray his presence. He then made his way safely back to his own trenches and from their shelter vigorously pulled the string. A most ungodly clank and clatter resulted, wrecking the stillness of the night. This aroused the Teutons and led them into a solid hour of furious but futile shooting. The string was similarly pulled on several occasions and always produced the desired result of uproar and shooting, until it was finally severed by a bullet.

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The Censor of Yesterday

From the grim part that has been played by the censor in Europe since the first of August, 1914, it is a relief to turn to the censor of happier days when his work consisted of the suppression of some line in a play or a song on the grounds of morality or political expediency. For example, at the time the Kaiser sent his famous telegram to Kruger English exasperation found expression in a music hall song in which the German Emperor was alluded to as a "Pinchbeck Cæsar," while the refrain ran, "Hands off, Germany!" The British censor sent in great haste for the manager of the theatre and insisted that he must either change the words of the song or suppress it altogether. The alterations he demanded were that "Pinchbeck Cæsar" should be changed to "Foreign rival," and "Hands off, Germany!" to "Hands off, all of you!" The song was already printed, but the corrections were made with ink, and the amended copies were circulated in the theatre. The audience, however, defied the censor, insisted on the song being sung as originally written, and when the refrain "Hands off, Germany!" was reached everyone joined in the chorus.

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Sardou's play *Thermidor* produced in January, 1891, at the Théâtre Français, the first play house in the world was interdicted by the French Government after the second performance on account of the uproar and disorder which had attended each of the first two presentations. Sardou's Republicanism had always been viewed with suspicion by the extreme Radicals. *Thermidor* was a play of the Reign of Terror, and in it Sardou made all the scoundrels Republicans and all the amiable characters aristocrats. A year or so later Henri de Bornier, of the French Academy, wrote a play in verse on the subject of Mohammed. It was accepted for production at the Français, and was about to

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART ON THE SHIP COMING FROM THE WAR ZONE

be performed when at the eleventh hour the Turkish Ambassador intimated to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the production of the play would be offensive to the Sublime Porte. Strenuous efforts were made to convince the Sultan that the play in no way reflected upon the Mohammedan religion, but the Unspeakable Turk was obstinate, and the French censor revoked the license. About 1888 the Wagnerian cult began to take root in the Parisian musical world. Above other Germans Wagner was hated by the French on account of some insult that he is said to have put

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upon France a little time before the War of 1870. A company was formed to produce *Lohengrin* at the Eden Theatre. On the evening of the first performance the street rabble made a demonstration shouting *"A bas Wagner!" "A bas le Prussien!"* In view of the popular excitement, and in order to avoid complications with Germany, the French Government notified the management of the theatre to cease the performances.

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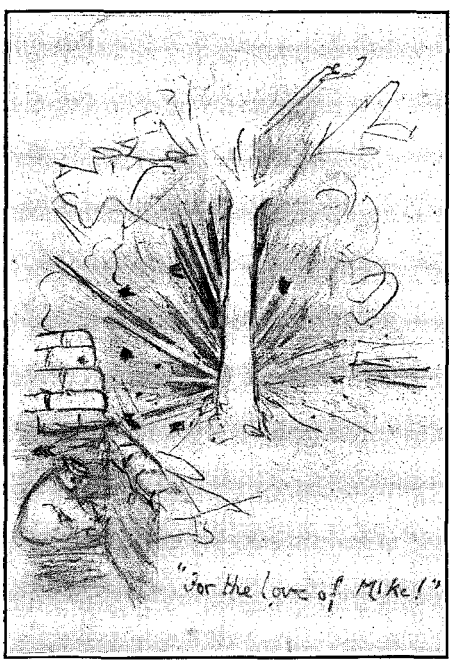
At the Hof-Burg Theatre in Vienna in the 'sixties the manager was not permitted to perform some of Shakespeare's plays until certain changes had been made in them. For example, when *King Lear* was performed the old king was not allowed to die, for the Austrian censor held that it was treasonable to admit that a king could die insane. The censor was likewise very particular about the use of certain titles in plays. When Schiller's play, *Love and Intrigue,* was done originally at the Hof-Burg the censor insisted on the title of one of the characters, Präsident von Walter being changed to Major Domos. His argument was that as the title "Präsident" was used in the different State Councils it would tend to cheapen it if it were used promiscuously on the stage. Wilhelm II has always been particularly sensitive about plays, being readier to forgive a newspaper attack than a sarcastic allusion on the stage. A case in point was Hauptmann's drama, *Die Weber.* The play depicted the hard lives of the old time Silesian weavers. The weavers rose against their task-masters, and the work was to some extent a glorification of the rising of the proletariat. The play somehow escaped the attention of the German censor. But while the Deutsches Theatre is not directly subsidised by the government, the Kaiser supports it indirectly by attending the performances and paying a liberal price for his private box, which is decorated with the Imperial coat-of-arms. When he heard about *Die Weber* he was so infuriated that he at once cancelled his annual subscription, and sent two of his equerries to tear down the imperial escutcheon with their own hands.



LANDON'S IMPRESSION OF PALMER AT THE FRONT

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Palmer and "Mike"

Last month we printed letters from the front from Robert W. Service and Frederick Palmer. Here is another letter from Mr. Palmer under the date of July twenty-fourth from some place that naturally is not mentioned:

Dear ———

"For the love of Mike" is one of my favourite expressions new to our British cousins. With the French army it is "Pour l'amour de Michel," of course. They say that I exclaimed "For the love of Mike" when a nine inch German shell came pretty close during a bombardment of some trenches where Percival Landon and I were among those present and escaping. One of Landon's favourite expressions is "Pretty." He said "Pretty" to the nine inch shell, which was a "Jack Johnson." Obviously he is colour blind. No one ever thought of

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Jack Johnson as being pretty. Landon meantime was doing what everybody does when the German guns concentrate in your direction. There is no "swank" or bravado in standing up in face of shell fire as there was in the old days before high explosives, when shrapnel scattered chicken-feed about. Everybody dives for the nearest dug-out. Landon being something of an artist drew a picture of me. Not being an artist I could not draw one of him. It is very comforting on such occasions to know that the average one shell does not kill one man. It may kill twenty if it hits right—which is most discomforting.

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A Woman's Story

In the turbulent England of the last years of the eighteenth and the first years of the nineteenth century, there are two characters, one a man and the other a woman, that stand out, reflecting more intimately the spirit of the age than any of the day's great soldiers or statesmen. These are George Brummel and Emma Lyon, or Emma Hart, later Lady Hamilton; and there is something analagous in the stories of the two. Brummel, of no very important origin, rose from obscurity through sheer impertinence and the assumption of the eccentricities in which the age delighted to a position from which he bestowed curt nods upon dukes and patronised royalty itself. After a hundred years his figure stands out in a score of anecdotes, true or apocryphal. We see him on the steps of Brooke's or White's, his bold, round eyes looking superciliously down upon the world. Occasionally, in a moment of good nature, he flings a smile of approbation in the direction of some *débutante*. We see him revenging himself upon the Regent who had cut him by his famous "Say, Sherry, who is your fat friend?" We see him at his apogée, and we follow him through the years of his downfall, to the miserable lodgings in Calais, and his last abject days in Caen. Brummel mirrors one phase of the England of the time just as much as the indomitable soldiers and sailors who fought off the great shadow of Napoleon mirror another. Then there is a third phase which is reflected in the career of Emma, Lady Hamilton. If we were asked to select the two persons to-day best fitted to write the story of the lives of Brummel and Lady Hamilton we should select two novelists. For Brummel the choice would unhesitatingly be Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. How thoroughly he knows the period in which Brummel lived and how strongly it appeals to him was shown in the pages of *Rodney Stone*. As the historian best qualified to tell us the human story of Lady Hamilton we should choose the brilliant author of *Pigs in Clover* and *The Heart of a Child*.

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It was an eighteenth century rather than a nineteenth century subject with which Frank Danby had to deal in *Nelson's Legacy: Lady Hamilton, Her Story and Tragedy,* and the narrative is told with an eighteenth century style and swing. The chapter headings are reminiscent of the chapter headings of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. In a stately foreword Mrs. Frankau informs us that hers is "a true and authentic account of the birth, life, and death of the notorious adventuress, sometime Emmy Lyon, but ultimately wife of Sir William Hamilton, His Majesty's Minister at Naples, together with the story of her many lapses from virtue both before and after her connection with Immortal Nelson, the Hero of the Nile. It has been compiled from contemporary documents, the writings of eye witnesses, and other reliable evidence. We trust that sufficient excuse will be found for the relation in the moral lesson conveyed. The features of the unhappy subject of this memoir were limned by all the most illustrious painters and designers of the century. To gratify the curiosity of those who would feign investigate the charms of one who provoked so much controversy while she lived and has been the occasion of so much argument since she paid the final debt of nature in the poor lodging house at Calais, has proved

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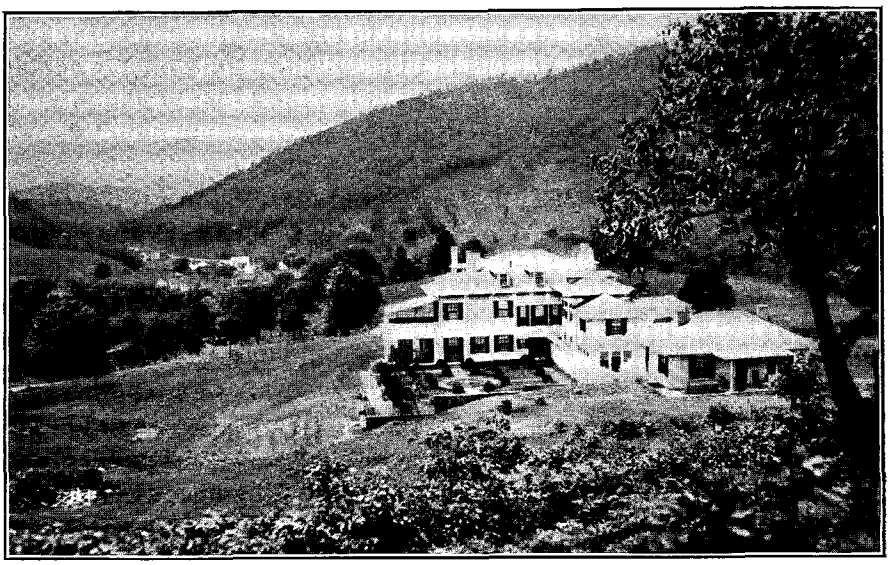

"THREE HILLS" WARM SPRINGS, VIRGINIA; THE HOME OF MARY JOHNSTON

a task not wholly uncongenial." Sample also the eighteenth century flavour of the paragraph with which Frank Danby begins her narrative:

It happens frequently in the case of persons who rise to eminence, that the envy of those whom they defeat in the struggle for Fame seeks to belittle their origin, and discredit their breeding, failing to perceive by how much the more the disgrace attaching to their own failure is thereby increased. It happened no otherwise in the case of the incomparable beauty whose adventures it is attempted to trace in the following sheets. And since legitimate birth into a family of ancient lineage and fine tradition is a valuable possession for anyone, even though the marriage that has so resulted be not one of social equality in the contracting parties, I purpose to set forth at the outset the events which led to the introduction of a future ambassadress into the world in circumstances so humble as those belonging to the smithy in the remote village of Great Nesse.

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The father of the heroine of the story, or, to use Frank Danby's words "of that Emma whom the vicissitudes of fortune conducted to the nuptial bed of Sir William Hamilton, His Britannic Majesy's Ambassador to the Court of Naples, whose beauty lives through the unrivalled art of Mr. Romney, and whose wanton charm captured the heart and made happy the last years of the Hero of the Nile, the victor at Trafalgar, immortal Nelson," was Mr. Henry Cadogan, nephew and heir to Mr. George Cadogan, a gentleman of small estate, but not so small importance in the village of Harwarden, about six miles from Chester. George Cadogan was a scholarly man, of refined and fastidious tastes. Being a bachelor he installed, as mistress of his establishment, the widow of his deceased brother, with her only son, to whom, in course of time, he purposed to bequeath all his worldly goods. Mrs. Cadogan did not long survive her husband, and little Henry was left in the affectionate care of his uncle. In time he drew to manhood, and there came into his life a certain Mary Kidd, the daughter of a labourer. It was the old story. The uncle fumed and threatened, but Henry Cadogan, under the name of Henry Lyon, married the girl in the parish church of Neston. With the marriage went all hopes of inherit-

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KATE DOUGLAS WIGGINS'S STUDY AT HER COUNTRY HOUSE, "QUILLCOTE," MAINE

ing his uncle's money, and as Henry Lyon he settled down to the life of a blacksmith in the village of Nesse. But it was not for long. He was physically unfitted for the work. One night he did not return home. They found him lying by the roadside, and the hemorrhage that had overtaken him could not be stopped. He lived just long enough to see his daughter.

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It was in the humble capacity of a maid servant in the house of a certain Dr. Budd that Emma Lyon first found herself in London. "At sixteen years of age," Mrs. Frankau tells us, "she was so beautiful that all who passed by turned to gaze after her." Her charm subjected her to the advances of numberless gallants. Before coming to London there had been Will Masters, and in London she met first Henry Angelo and then Captain Willett Payne, a naval officer employed in the regulating service. Payne was her first protector, but not for long, for he was ordered on active service, and she passed into the hands of Dr. Graham, and then into those of Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh. Sir Henry was a typical rake of the period, and his boorishness and brutality soon made Emma feel the weight of the chains that rivetted her. Among the men of fashion who frequented Sir Henry's house was Mr. Charles Greville, destined to play so important a part in Emma's life. She learned to love Greville with what was perhaps a genuine love. The upshot was that Featherstonehaugh quickly turned her out of doors and she sought refuge with the new protector. Greville was very different from the men who had preceded him. The Emma that he had found was almost illiterate. He recognised her as a rare gem in the rough, the cutting and polishing of which became a hobby. He gave her music and dancing masters, and himself taught her spelling and English. Finally he took her to the

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celebrated studio of Mr. Romney in Cavendish Square.

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The sittings Mr. Romney required for his portrait of Emma were many and various. Sometimes Mr. Greville accompanied her to the studio, and sometimes her mother. There soon grew up between artist and sitter a strange friendship. In the secret heart of both of them there was a tendency to vagabondage, a lack of reverence for conventionality, an inclination toward freedom of thought and action. He painted her as a Circe, a Calypso, a Pythian Priestess, a Bacchante, or a Woodland Nymph. Romney found her ever a new inspiration, not only to his brush, but to his imagination. But when she served as the model for Venus Anadyomene, Greville thought it time to protest. "I am not aware that I commissioned Mr. Romney to paint a picture of Mrs. Hart in the nude," he said. "Are you not perhaps exceeding the limits of your instructions, sir, and of my forbearance?" Painter and lady protested all innocence and the matter was somehow patched up. But the cold Greville was never afterwards quite the same. He only pretended to forgive Emma. Then came to his house in Edgeware Row his most particular friend. This friend was no other than his maternal uncle, Sir William Hamilton, a man by many years Greville's senior, but bound to him in almost fraternal ties by similarity of tastes. For almost a quarter of a century Sir William had been at Naples, serving at the Court of the Two Sicilies as Ambassador to His Britannic Majesty, whose foster brother he was. He had recently been left a widower and his fortune was considerable. He had never heard of Emma, but he was vastly amused to discover that his nephew was so correctly incorrect, and rallied him upon the connection. He was vastly civil to the girl and she in turn was pleased and flattered by his manners and attention.

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But it was not long before Sir William began to regard Emma with eyes other than those of polite friendship. To Greville he hinted at a transfer and Greville was not averse. The younger man's financial position was not of the best. He was considering a *mariage de convenance* with Lord Middleton's youngest daughter, who was not only admirable in beauty and disposition, but possessed a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Sir William returned to Naples and soon after there came an invitation to Greville and Emma to visit him there. Greville feigned surprise, pointed out the impossibility of his leaving England, but said that he would have no objection to her going for six or eight months to Naples, where she would be happy in learning music and Italian. In Naples Sir William essayed to dazzle her with the power and luxury he could put at her disposal. He showered presents upon her and introduced her freely into a Court that was far from prudish. King Ferdinand singled her out for his attentions. He offered her Capri and a patent of nobility, put the offer into writing at her dictation. Emma ran away with the paper and showed it to the Queen, who was greatly moved and promised Emma her protection and the cessation of the King's advances. But though still apparently in love with Greville she had yielded to his uncle and her position in Neapolitan society was thoroughly understood. She had her own suite of rooms at the Embassy, the servants called her Eccellenza, and the entire polite world sought the entree to her. But it was not enough. She decided to become Sir William's wife.

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At first Sir William laughed at the idea of the marriage which she so cleverly suggested. He knew the rigid principles of his Sovereign, and that his Consort was intolerant of the least impropriety. But from laughing he began to listen. The suggestion had its allurement, marriage would bind him forever to this much sought-after, young and beautiful creature. He was close

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to sixty years. There were others besides Emma who urged the scheme, the Duchess of Argyll and Lord Bristol. So it came that Sir William took leave of a while of their Sicilian Majesties, and after a journey broken by short stays at Florence, at Venice, and other centres of European fashion, brought Emma back to London to have it out with his Sovereign and his nephew. There was a warm scene between Greville and Emma. He felt his own interest threatened, he stormed, he hinted at tales about her past which he could carry to his uncle. The name of Mr. Romney was frequently mentioned. But Emma won. Sir William came in with the news that the King had given his consent to the marriage, and Emma impudently suggested that Romney must paint her as the Ambassadress, adding: "Will Mr. Greville attend his future aunt to Cavendish Square?"

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Enter Nelson. As Mrs. Frankau expresses it in one of her chapter headings, "The destruction of the French Navy is followed by the surrender of the Hero of the Nile to the wife of the British Ambassador. He outwits Villeneuve to be himself outwitted by Frail Emma of Edgeware Row." At first the sailor had no presentiment of what the lady was to mean to him. He had a wife, a stepson; he was in Naples on business, and had eyes for nothing but his ten thousand troops. He thought that Lady Hamilton would improve the manners of his stepson, Josiah Nisbet, who seems to have been something of a lout. But like other heroes of history, Nelson was susceptible to the most outrageous flattery. Emma recognised the weakness, and played upon it. There is something inconsistent in Sir William's attitude to what followed. He became at once the *mari complaisant*. Emma used her eyes, her tresses, and her persuasive tongue, and Nelson forgot his wife. He almost forgot England, for it was in the interest of the Queen that Emma held him and his fleet close to Naples. The stepson made a scene, and he and the hero nearly came to blows. With every day the sailor's infatuation grew. The Hamiltons, with Nelson in their train, made a triumphant progress through the capitals of Europe, but on arriving in England were cold-shouldered by the Court. Lady Nelson became a factor in the situation and further estranged her husband by her conduct to Emma. The pressing attentions of the Prince of Wales excited the jealousy of the Admiral, but the birth of Horatia was a signal for the renewal of his ardour. He called Emma his "own dear wife." "I never did love anyone else," he wrote. "I never had a dear pledge of love till you gave me one, and you, thank my God, never gave one to anyone else." He offered to abandon everything for her sake. She might have said "yes" to his request, and the course of the world's history been changed. High as her position had been as Sir William's wife in Naples, now, for a moment her position was even greater. But the moment was not a long one.

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Sir William Hamilton died, and there came upon the scene a Neapolitan lawyer, one Arnodio Gibilmanna, who after the Hamiltons had left Naples had come into possession of certain letters belonging to Lady Hamilton. These he used for the purpose of blackmail. Emma paid again and again. Notwithstanding Sir William's intentions, the provision that he made for his widow seemed inadequate. He had counted upon his pension being continued to her. Nelson stepped into the breach and settled an annual income of twelve hundred pounds for her credit. Then Gibilmanna reappeared and was given eight hundred pounds for all the letters in his possession and the relinquishment of any claim to her society. But Emma neither checked nor counted what he restored to her. She paid him what he asked, seized the packet, and destroyed it. Then Nelson went to his glorious death at Trafalgar. In his last words to Hardy he left Lady Hamilton and his

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daughter to his country. But less than half heartedly did the country accept the trust. Emma was growing old and wisdom had not come with the years. Extravagance followed extravagance, and when her resources failed she was forever importuning the Government to recognise what she had done for Italy and Nelson. The old Duke of Queensbury, to whom she appealed, told her plainly that she had outstayed her market. The home at Merton, provided by Nelson, had to be given up and one by one her possessions were sold. The last blow came with the final appearance on the scene of the sinister Gibilmanna who, in the autumn of 1814, had announced for publication *The Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton.* Overwhelmed with mortification Emma left England for Calais where, a few months later, in a miserable lodging, in the

EMMA AS THE SEAMSTRESS. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY CHEESEMAN, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ROMNEY

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presence of her daughter Horatia and the one faithful servant who remained with her, she rendered up her account.

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A Professional Reader's Diversions

Few people who have not had practical experience even remotely suspect how much the irksome drudgery of manuscript reading is relieved by the unconscious humour, the blunders, the ineptitudes of a certain inevitable percentage of the specimens received in every magazine office. To the uninitiated, the task of searching day after day for the rare gem, the crowning masterpiece is supposed to be a sort of stimulating game, fraught with delightful and scintillating possibilities. As a matter of fact, and more especially in the case of the short story, that sort of expectancy soon gives place to a cynical hope for an occasional manuscript sufficiently absurd to be diverting. Some concrete instances were brought to our notice the other day by a reader of some experience, who in the course of an exchange of confidences, drew upon a rich fund of memoranda gathered in the course of a recent short-story contest. Many of his choicest specimens, it would be, for obvious reasons, unfair to reproduce, since their absurdity hinges upon an impossible plot, that nevertheless is still the author's private property. Many of the authors themselves, however, had been less scrupulous, and the number of purloined situations arose, in one single batch of three hundred stories, to something over ten per cent.

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The reader found himself making a sort of game of the thing, betting with himself whether a given plot would recur more than a certain specified number of times, forecasting what the particular variant would be. To take a concrete instance: we do not remember just when or where it first appeared, but every one knows the story of the married woman, whose lover has given her a valuable jewel, and who faces the dilemma of explaining to her husband how it has come into her possession. So she pawns the jewel, pretends to have found the ticket in the street, and begs her husband to redeem the ticket and satisfy her curiosity. Next day husband returns with a cheap imitation ring, and wife's bewilderment continues until she subsequently sees the original jewel worn by husband's stenographer. Well, among the stories submitted in the contest in question, this plot recurred four times, with close verbal parallels, the only important difference being that the lover's present was respectively a sapphire bracelet, a diamond solitaire, a pearl necklace, and a seal-skin coat. Then there is the equally familiar and much more banal type, that may be briefly epitomised after this fashion: Ethel, engaged to Tom, is shown to us unblushingly lavishing caresses upon Jack, and pouring into his ear endearments calculated to kindle a mad jealousy. And in the end the explanation is quite simple,—Jack is only a dog. It would seem as though its own futility should have protected this plot from the plagiarist; yet it recurred seven times by actual count, Jack changing, Proteus-like, from a Scotch collie to a pekinese, a St. Bernard, a Kentucky thoroughbred, a Shetland pony, a parrot and a cat.

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Then there is the story of the adventuress, who plans to ruin a certain distinguished statesman. Having managed to be found alone with him in the compartment of a railway carriage, she waits until the train is approaching a station, then tears down her hair, disarranges her clothing and screams for help. The guard arrives, followed by an officer: the woman hysterically states her case; the man is about to be arrested, when he vindicates himself by serenely pointing to the cigar which he is still smoking,—a very good cigar which still retains a full inch of undisturbed white ash. We suspect that this story goes back to a French original. It was produced last season in New York as a one-act play, and it has figured in the moving pictures,—a sufficient degree of pub-

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licity to give copyists full warning. Nevertheless, by the laws of probability it was bound to recur: our friend the reader ran across it twice.

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One other instance seems to deserve mention. The story of the farmer who crossed the strawberry vine with milkweed so as to grow strawberries and cream presumably dates back to *Joe Miller's Joke Book;* and almost equally hoary is that of the man who bred the shad with the jelly-fish, so as to produce boneless shad. At intervals the old idea is sure to be resurrected in some new form. The latest is that of crossing honey bees with fire-flies, so that they can see to gather honey by night as well as by day. Sometimes it is only a paragraph, a phrase, a single word that fills the reader with a sort of unhallowed joy, and pays for the dull monotony of a score of pages. Here was one gem culled from a long and uninspired wail: "Oh, if my poor old mother could sit up in her cold, cold grave and see me, how happy she would be!" And here are a few more choice specimens:

"Madeleine seated herself at twilight on the Wisterised piazza."

"Ethel decided to prepare something appitable for her husband's supper."

"Down the full length of the brilliantly lit and crowded restaurant the man and woman made their way furtively to a private room."

We have reserved the real jewel of the collection, every one of them guaranteed genuine, for the last:

"Adelaide was accustomed to have her fracturous horse brought around every morning before breakfast, so that she might take an exhilarating gallop through the Paris Bourse."

WAR SILHOUETTES

BY W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

I—Field-Marshal

(General Staff)

Of all great pundits crowned in days of yore
An utter scorn informs him: thus he stands
Arch-pundit, and his delicate, dry hands
Direct a creed that scoffs the hard-won lore
Of fruitful ages gone. He slams that door
Napoleon slammed: and all the laughing lands,
Upon *his* map are welded with steel bands
Crushing their human dole that he may score.

Clean from the filth of slaughter, stern, remote,
He sits impatient of the hammering guns
That mask his favourite theory's fell surprise—
At length, the hideous buddha clears his throat,
His order flies, and countless mothers' sons
Adorn some battered trench with glazing eyes.

II—Colonel

(Cavalry)

Heir to a standard Caste and Wealth endows.
Darling of Fashion, moulder of Form, he rides

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Into the storm of shot and shell, where hides
That leveller Death, he proudly disavows.
Should the high gods this madness spare, his brows
Are laurel-crowned, and such example guides
Men to the Grail-ideal, where abides
All that is fair and knightly for high vows.

And yet—who, at the dance, when war is done,
Will ask of reconnaissance often made
With smoking villages to light the way?
Who will ask of the women forced to pay
For war's excess, of cattle meanly won—
Those miseries of his most successful raid?

III—Captain

(Artillery)

An artist versed in landscape! Town or plain
Indifferent smile with flowery hedge or corn—
A drunk creator, day and night and morn
He haunts them with some nightmare in his brain.
Peace-white and soft, those little clouds in vain
He flings abroad, in fine Olympian scorn
Of the fair scene—but, oh! the maimed and torn
That writhe where fell his deadly shrapnel-rain.
Throned on a hay-stack, pygmy brain and voice
He telephoned his trigonometry,
And Jovian thunders hailed him demi-god.
Ah, but his telescope will never see
Into those trenches, where the blood-stained sod
Will soon return to hide his ghoulish choice!

IV—Lieutenant

(Infantry)

Youth and the world before him! Haggard, wan,
Filthy and starved, he sprawls upon a bench
Deep in the bomb-proof shelter, where the stench
Of human-rot assails him. Outside, dawn
Haunts the harried lines like a startled fawn.
Now the night's thunders cease: the Boy must blench,
Lift his tattered ranks from their charnel trench,
And cheer them deathwards—Fate's inglorious pawn!

Was this the god-like form that won the race
Against the rival school? His race is done!
Blindly he charged toward the rising sun:
Shot like a rabbit driven from his hole,
Barely a hundred yards! His starveling face
Triumphs in death: his flag had reached the goal.

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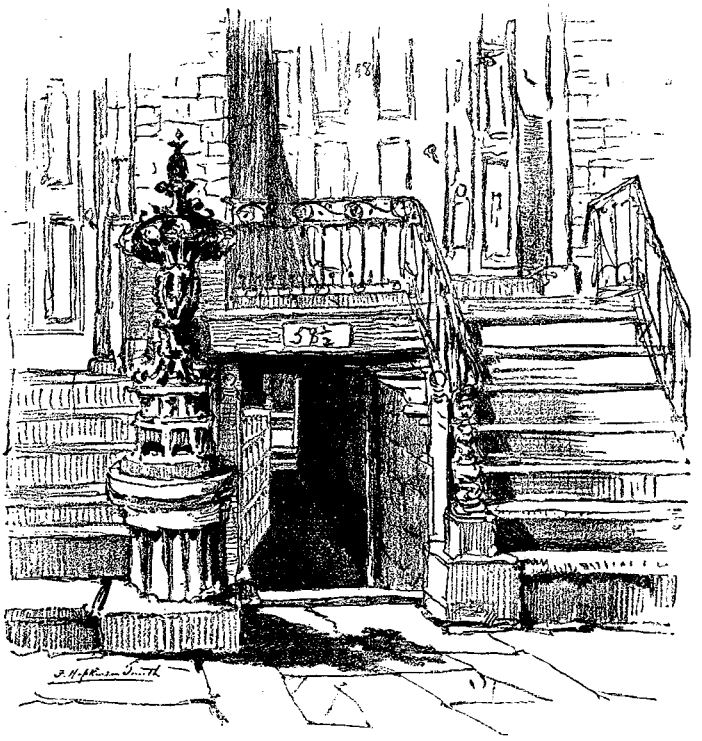

A SHRINE OF YESTERDAY. THE OLD PASSAGE LEADING FROM THE STREET TO THE FRAME STRUCTURE IN THE REAR IN WHICH THE TILE CLUB HAD ITS HEADQUARTERS, AND IN WHICH THE LATE F. HOPKINSON SMITH, BY WHOM THE ABOVE SKETCH WAS DRAWN, FOUND A NEW YORK HOME FOR COLONEL GEORGE FAIRFAX CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA. IN THIS TUNNEL THE COLONEL ENGAGED IN PISTOL PRACTICE IN PREPARATION FOR THE EXPECTED DUEL WITH THE BROKER, KLUTCHEM, WHO HAD SPOKEN IN TERMS OF DISPARAGEMENT OF THE PROPOSED AIR LINE RAILWAY THAT WAS TO GIVE SOME OF THE VERY FIRST FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA EASY ACCESS TO THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD. THE PASSAGE, BEARING THE NUMBER 58½, WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF WEST TENTH STREET ABOUT ONE HUNDRED YARDS EAST OF SIXTH AVENUE AND ALMOST DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE OLD STUDIO BUILDING. IT DISAPPEARED SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO WHEN THE FRONT BUILDING, NUMBER 58, WAS REMODELLED

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

PART I—THE CITY THAT WAS

I. THE OLD TRAIL

SIXTEEN years ago the writer of this series with a note book under one arm and a camera under the other was engaged in roaming through the streets of New York and its suburbs, following the trails of such men and women of fiction as the novelist, until that time, had been considerate enough to provide. It was a task undertaken with a very genuine liking and enthusiasm and there should be no reticence in recalling its

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direct inspiration. In previous visits to London the writer had had many pleasant hours in following the footsteps of Thackeray and Dickens, paying his respects to the house in Curzon Street where the Rawdon Crawleys lived on nothing a year, the home of the Sedleys, near Russell Square, or wandering down the High Street of the Borough of Southwark, and turning down Angel Court in search of the few remaining stones of the old Marshalsea Prison of *Little Dorrit*. When it was a matter of Dickens and Thackeray the task was easy enough. In various places "rambles" with the former had been printed, and there was Mr. William H. Rideing's *Thackeray's London,* a subject which has in later years been more amply handled by Mr. Lewis Melville, and pictorially by the late F. Hopkinson Smith. But when it was a case of the dwelling of Robert Louis Stevenson's Mr. Hyde or the Upper Baker Street rooms shared by Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, or the Gunnison Street of Kipling's "The Redemption of Badalia Herodsfoot," the writer was thrown upon his own resources. In those cases there were new trails to be blazed. So also in Paris were new trails to be blazed when the writer started out in the hunt for this or that street or domicile associated with some chapter of Balzac's *La Comédie Humaine,* or to follow the knightly rambles in the Seventeenth Century Lutetia of the immortal four of the elder Dumas, or to take up with the relentlessness of a Javert the pursuit of Jean Valjean in his flight from the home near the southern barriers of the city skirting the Latin Quarter, across the river, to the refuge he finally found in the Convent of the Little Picpus. For at that time the late Benjamin Ellis Martin's *The Stones of Paris* had not yet been printed. These rambles abroad led to the rambles at home. Why should not some one, was the inevitable thought, try to do for some great American city what had been done for the London of Dickens and Thackeray? Of course there were no really great dominant figures, but the trail of the novelists in bulk was sure to be worth while. That New York was the city chosen was due to the fact that it was the city that offered the most, and the city best known and most easily accessible to the writer. The papers written in the summer of 1899 under the title of *New York in Fiction* appeared serially in the following autumn, and later in a volume which has long been out of print. That they did something, that they did a great deal toward stimulating the cult of local colour the writer does not hesitate to affirm. Though less than sixteen years have passed the New York of the novelists to-day offers fully three times as much as it did then. Hence this new pilgrimage, in which the writer will attempt to show the rapidly changing city as it is seen by the novelists of the new generation. Hence this introductory chapter in which he will endeavour to give, in epitome, the story of New York in fiction as it was before.

II. STEVENSON'S VELVET JACKET

About two years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis and the writer, in the former's home near Mount Kisco, New York, were talking of the New York literary atmosphere of the 'nineties of the last century. "Those days in my case," Mr. Davis said, "were what I call the velvet jacket days of our literary activity. Do you remember the velvet jacket of Robert Louis Stevenson?" The writer confessed that it was a little before his time, that he could not claim personal acquaintance, but that it was familiar enough through the old portraits. "We had our own men then, Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Stockton, and the rest," Mr. Davis went on, "but Stevenson was the magnetic, the dominating literary figure. Just as he himself had played the 'sedulous ape' to others, so it was the fashion of young writers of five and twenty years ago to imitate him. He came to us and he brought with him his velvet jacket. It was a famous jacket, and

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became a kind of oriflamme of the literary calling." "Something like Balzac's white monk's robe in the eighteen forties?" was the suggestion. "Only Stevenson's jacket was destined to become the father of an illustrious line of jackets. We were young then, and we had other ideals. The day of commercialism had not yet come. We did not think and talk of how much a story earned for us. It was enough that we had a story in *Harper's,* or *Scribner's.* With elation we told our friends about it and they read it and liked it or criticised it. Some times we insisted in reading it to them ourselves. But in that method danger lurked. A great many of the stories of those days could be traced to the velvet jacket. The young man sitting down at his writing table to construct a masterpiece had his pen, his pad, his bottle of ink. Also sometimes an idea. But to achieve the proper mood of inspiration, to rouse himself to heights of creative frenzy, he needed the jacket—just like that of R. L. S. Sacrifices were made in Bohemia in those days for that jacket, privations were endured. I never would wear one. My attitude in the matter was regarded as a fatal eccentricity. It placed me forever beyond the pale." Perhaps all this is in the nature of a digression. But to the writer it seems to have the flavour of the old days, when the world was young.

III. THE TOWN OF H. C. BUNNER

Of the city of the poets and novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century there was, sixteen years ago, little more trace than there is to-day. The quaint homes of the people of Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York* already belonged to the irrevocable past; the Broadway of which Paulding, Halleck, Willis, Drake, and Clarke sung—the stately, provincial Broadway where the beaux paraded in their bell-crowned hats, and the belles flaunted their hoop skirts, and swaggering privateersmen from the Spanish Main showed their earrings—was already undergoing its transformation into what O. Henry later described as "the Grand Cañon of the Money Grubbers." We could find, and can still find, though not in the same state, the cottage at Fordham in which Poe lived with his Virginia; and follow Cooper's Harvey Birch through certain tortuous roads of rapidly changing Westchester. But then, as now the city of stone and steel girder belonged essentially to the work of the younger literary generation.

What was the material offered sixteen years ago, and what is it to-day? Here is the impression derived from a cursory glance at the old numbers. First of all Washington Irving and the lesser men who wrote of the city when it was truly Knickerbocker. Then the men and women of the seventies and eighties, that period of transformation, when a big, unwieldy town was beginning to assume the proportions of the New York that we now know. Among these men and women there was no name that conveyed so much as that of Henry Cuyler Bunner. Not on the score of achievement, but because almost everything that he wrote so reflected the city, which was not the mere setting, but the direct inspiration. He stood before an old house on the lower end of Manhattan Island, his mind began to people it with the ghosts of the past, and in that way *The Story of a New York House* came into being. He sat on a bench in old Washington Square at night, when he liked it best, with the great dim branches swaying and breaking in the breeze, the gas lamps flickering and blinking, when the tumults and shouting of the day were gone, and "only a tramp or something else in woman's shape was hurrying across the bleak square, along the winding asphalt, walking over the Potter's Field of the Past on the way to the Potter's Field to be." Out of that came *The Midge*—the story Bunner wrote "to get married on." Somewhere will be found the following significant lines:

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THE HOME F. HOPKINSON SMITH FOUND FOR COLONEL CARTER

Why do I like New York, my dear,
I do not know. Were my father here
And his, and his, the three and I
Might between us make you some reply.

IV. SOME FRIENDS OF YESTERDAY

But in his kinship with the city Bunner had close followers. There was Edgar Fawcett, to-day perhaps almost a forgotten writer, but one whose tales were compact of New York, and who in *A New York Family, An Ambitious Woman, Rutherford,* and *The Evil that Men Do* had penetrated almost every corner of the city and its suburbs. Mr. Howells had added New York to his distinguished field with *Their Wedding Journey* and *A Hazard of New Fortunes.* Mr. Janvier had found a sphere in the quaint streets to the north of Washington Square. Marion Crawford had said practically his last say about New York in *The Ralstons, Katherine Lauderdale, The Three Fates,* and *Dr. Claudius.* F. Hopkinson Smith had found a home for his delightful Colonel George Fairfax Carter of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia, in the old quarters of the Tile Club back of the Maitland Armstrong house in West Tenth Street, a residence for Mrs. Leroy of *Caleb West* in the Gifford Pinchot dwelling at No. 2 Gramercy Park, and the scenes of *Tom Grogan* in various parts of *Staten Island.* Henry Harland, doing his first work under the nom de guerre of "Sidney Luska," had discovered Beekman Place, a quaint bit of New York perched high up on the city's eastern brink, opposite the southern extremity of Blackwell's Island, overlooking the river, the Penitentiary and the smoke from the oil factories of Hunter's Point, and peopled

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it with the characters of *The Grandissimos, As it Was Written, Mrs. Peixada,* and *The Yoke of Thorah.* Richard Harding Davis had invented Van Bibber, and in company with that genial worthy, and sometimes with Travers, had mixed drinks at the Knickerbocker Club, tampered with the swanboats on the lake in Central Park, thrashed a bully in a street of the lower East Side, found a burglar trying to enter a house on Fifth Avenue and guided him to a better life, helped a runaway couple that he chanced upon at a table in the old Martin's, and misdirected a following brother to Chicago—innumerable were the adventures, exploits and impertinences of the genial Cortlandt Van Bibber, and to north, south, east, and west led his trail. You have come to forty years and more, Van Bibber, and may you be as fundamentally fine in your maturity as you were in the callower days! Somebody once cruelly and cleverly summed you up as "the office boy's idea of a gentleman." That was superficially sound. Perhaps you did make your breaks. Perhaps the manner in which you bearded Carruthers in his apartment and lectured him on a father's duty to a daughter was a trifle unfortunate. But beneath you were youth, and generosity, and chivalry, and the spirit of *noblesse oblige!* The writer likes to think of you to-day as doing your share in the struggle for the world's liberty; helping to hold the line in Flanders with the same indomitable spirit that, in former years and in kindlier strife, spurred you to stand like a rock in response to the thrilling call of "Hold 'em! Hold 'em for Old Nassau!"; or perhaps, daring shell and shrapnel as the driver in the American Ambulance Corps, swift and efficient in the performance of your duty, but not ashamed to drop a manly tear at the sight of sorrow and suffering. If Mr. Davis still claims you it is unquestionably upon some such mission that you have been sent. But wherever you are, Van Bibber, Van, Cortlandt, old boy! (too many years has our friendship endured to permit of anything like formality) Ho—no, not that, but "Here's to you!", and "Santé!" and, well, consider the sentiment also expressed in Flemish, Walloon, Italian, Servian, Russian, and Japanese. Although neutral, there is no reason why one should be a positive fanatic in one's neutrality.

V. MR. CHIMMIE FADDEN

Then there was another old friend. How many readers of the younger generation are acquainted with the virtues and eccentricities of Chimmie Fadden? Probably very few. Yet, for a time, some twenty years ago, Mr. Edward W. Townsend's little Bowery boy was the most talked of character in American fiction. He was as famous, if not as permanent, as Mr. Dunne's Mister Dooley. In an age when rules of deportment and expression were, outwardly at least, more rigid, debutantes found his "Wot'ell" convenient and expressive. Chimmie was the spirit of the old Bowery, its crudities and its finer impulses. Like Mr. Dooley, he came into existence casually. Mr. Townsend, then with the New York *Sun,* was sent to report a newsboys' dinner. There he found the idea of Chimmie, and the woman, a slum worker, who was the original of Miss Fannie of the stories. The first tale was written, and Charles A. Dana sent out word calling for the second. Soon the stories began to be known and quoted and Mr. Chester S. Lord, then the managing editor of the paper, said: "Can't you run up and find the little Bowery boy you've been writing about and get him to talk some more?" "Oh," said Mr. Townsend, "he's purely an imaginary character." "Then imagine some more about him." There came a time when the author applied to Mr. Dana for the privilege of bringing out the stories in book form. In giving the required consent the editor added extravagantly: "And I hope you sell ten thousand of them." A few months later a dinner was given to Mr. Townsend in celebration of the hundred thousandth copy of *Chimmie Fadden*

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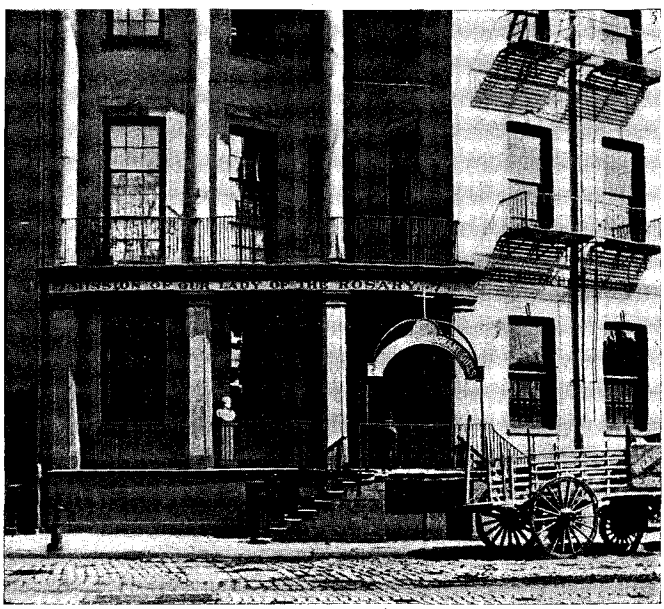
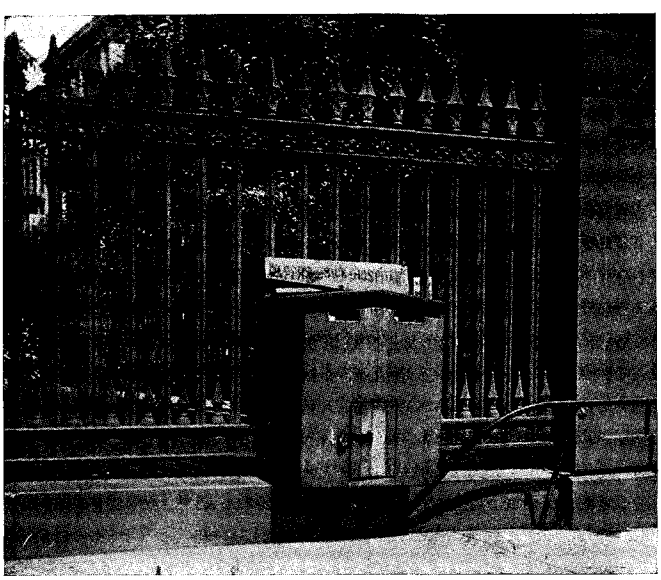


NUMBER 7 STATE STREET, WHICH HAS BEEN FOR YEARS THE MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY, A HOME FOR IRISH IMMIGRANT GIRLS, WAS THE SCENE AND THE INSPIRATION OF H. C. BUNNER'S "THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE." ONCE, BACK IN THE EARLY YEARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, IT DOMINATED THE BATTERY PARK AND COMMANDED A FINE VIEW OF THE DANCING WATERS OF THE UPPER BAY. NOW IT IS ALMOST LOST AMONG THE GREAT SKYSCRAPERS THAT SURROUND IT



"THE LITTLE RED BOX OF VESEY STREET" OF BUNNER'S POEM

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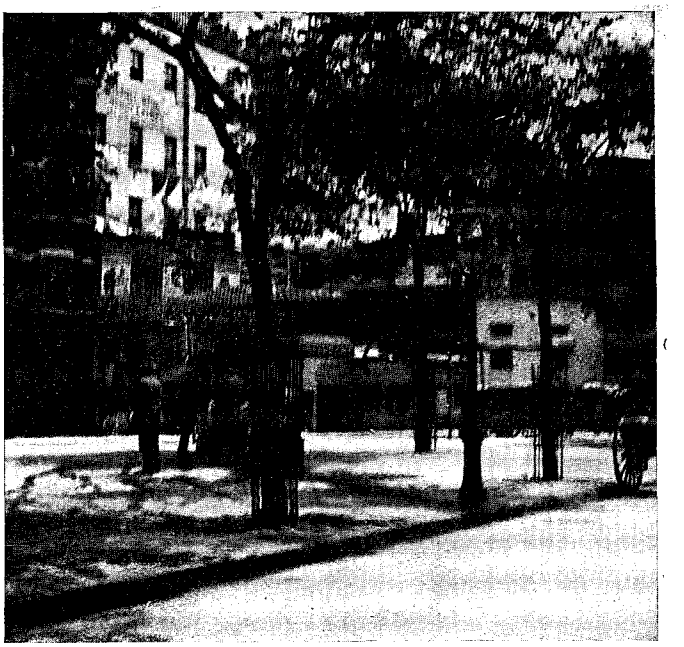

IN PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STERLING" THERE WAS MENTION OF "A LITTLE PARK, TOO SMALL TO BE CALLED A SQUARE, EVEN IF ITS SHAPE HAD NOT BEEN A TRIANGLE." IT WAS THERE THAT PETER, IN THE DAYS OF WAITING FOR A LAW PRACTICE, SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME AND MADE FRIENDS WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. THAT LITTLE SQUARE WAS ALMOST THE LAST REMNANT OF THE OLD, SINISTER FIVE POINTS TO BE SWEPT AWAY IN THE BUILDING OF THE NEWER CITY

sold. The next morning Mr. Dana went to Mr. Townsend's desk in the *Sun* office, and after referring to the dinner, said: "Can you tell me why *Chimmie Fadden* has reached a hundred thousand?" "Because," replied Mr. Townsend, "of the sentimental relations of Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul toward Miss Fannie."

VI. THE CITY OF STEPHEN CRANE

There was another of these younger men whose characters walked the lower East Side streets that produced Chimmie Fadden and invited the occasional attention of Cortlandt Van Bibber—the highly talented and ill-fated Stephen Crane. His *Red Badge of Courage* is still remembered, but little else. Yet in Crane Robert Barr saw the man most likely to produce the great American novel. Crane's *Maggie—A Girl of the Streets*—even in the form in which it was publicly printed—was a very unusual book. Few writers have felt so keenly the city's throbbing life. It came natural to him to believe Balzac's saying that the brief newspaper paragraph "Yesterday, at four o'clock, a young man jumped from the Pont Neuf into the Seine" contained all the elements of the greatest novel. As he wandered through the streets Crane was forever seeing stories—tragic stories, of course—in the flickering lamp lights, the wet pavements, the looming tenements, and factories, and warehouses. "Where are Rum Alley and Devil's Row?" the present scribe asked him many years ago. "Are they in the shadow of the Bridge, or in the Corlears' Hook Park neighbourhood, or in Greenwich Village, or

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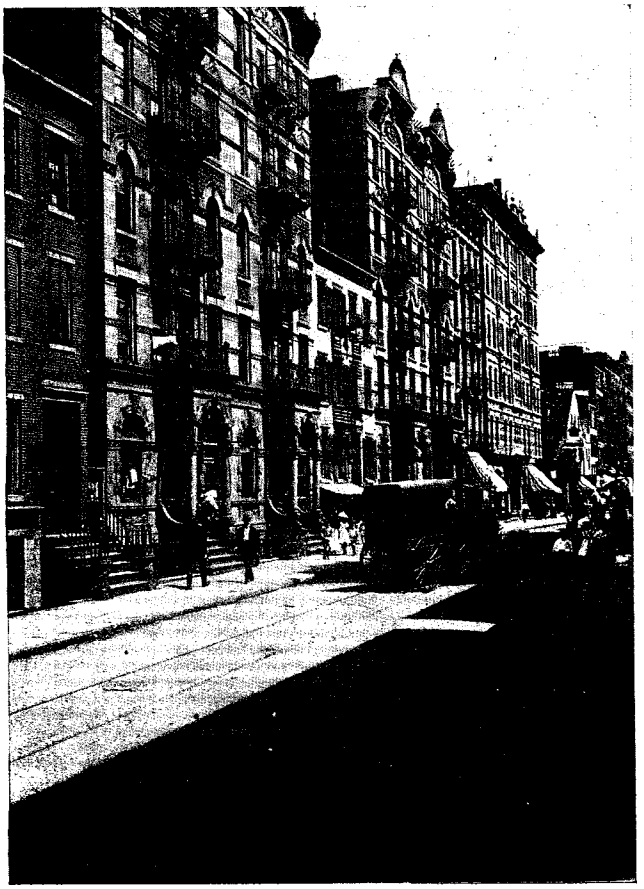

THE "BIG BARRACKS" TENEMENT IN FORSYTHE STREET, THE SCENE OF MOST OF THE STORIES OF JULIAN RALPH'S "PEOPLE WE PASS." THIS WAS A TYPICAL NEW YORK TENEMENT STREET OF SIXTEEN YEARS AGO

Hell's Kitchen?" But Crane did not know. He had seen them. They were somewhere in the city. They had haunted him, and still haunted him. But in the course of just which night ramble he had come upon them he had forgotten. Perhaps Hogarth would have been at a loss to take a Londoner of his day to the Beer Alley and Gin Lane of his prints. When *Maggie* appeared there was a chorus of protest that it contained no light, no hope. But Stephen Crane explained that he could not have written the tale otherwise than he did. He had never been able to find in his types sunshine and sentiment and humour. To them joy came only in the hour of sodden debauch. But indefinite as it was, Crane's proletaire was very convincing and powerful, rising clear and distinct over his eccentricities of style and diction.

VII. THE OLD GHETTO AND THE OLD CHINATOWN

In the last year or so of the nineteenth century the note of the New York Ghetto was first sounding in literature. From Russian Poland, where he was born in 1862, by way of Holland and

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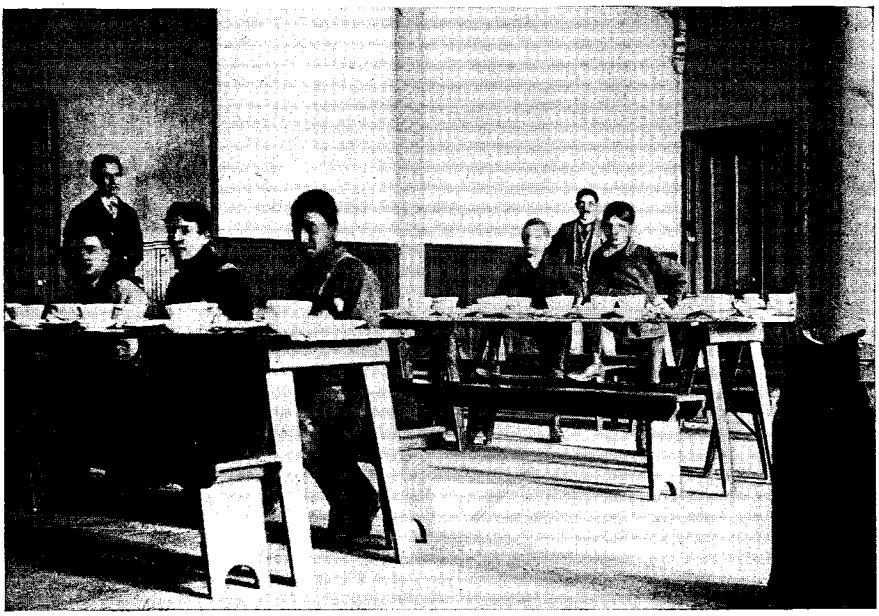

ON NEW CHAMBERS STREET WAS THE BRACE MEMORIAL NEWSBOYS LODGING HOUSE. IT WAS THERE THAT MR. TOWNSEND FIRST FOUND CHIMMIE FADDEN, WHO WAS FOR A TIME, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO, THE MOST TALKED OF CHARACTER IN AMERICAN FICTION. CHIMMIE'S POPULARITY WAS AKIN TO THE POPULARITY THAT MR. DUNNE'S MR. DOOLEY ENJOYED A FEW YEARS LATER

London, to the lower East Side came Sidney Rosenfeld. He found employment as a tailor in a sweatshop, but was obliged to abandon this work on account of failing health, and became a penny-a-liner on the Yiddish newspapers. The *Songs From the Ghetto*—plaintive, wondering heart notes—of this tailor poet paved the way for the work that Abraham Cahan did in prose fiction. Israel Zangwill recognised in Cahan's "Yekl" the only Jew in American fiction. "Yekl" worked in a sweatshop in Pitt Street. In *The Imported Bridegroom* Cahan dealt with the New York of 1880 or thereabouts, and the old Ghetto in the neighbourhood of Bayard and Catherine Streets which, in the years following the Civil War, had been settled by a prosperous class of Russian Jews. The quarter, part of which remained at the time of the writing of the story, is now entirely gone. About the time of the writing of *Yekl* and *The Imported Bridegroom* Mr. Cahan was a reporter on the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. He is now, and has been for a number of years, the editor of *Vorwaerts,* the leading Jewish paper of New York, and in that capacity has been in daily contact with the Ghetto, but so swift have been the changes in that, as in most other sections of the city, that he would probably find too much for him the task of finding the Essex Street sweatshop of the Lipmans, the home of Boris and Tatyana in Madison Street, or the Cherry Street tenement house to which Nathan and Goldy repaired after "A Ghetto Wedding."

The spirit of the new Chinatown is something far different from the spirit of the old. But externally it seems to have changed less than any other quarter of the city. The writer, invading it only a few weeks ago, had little difficulty in following the old trail. A hundred yards away is the Park, which has obliterated all that was once the sinister

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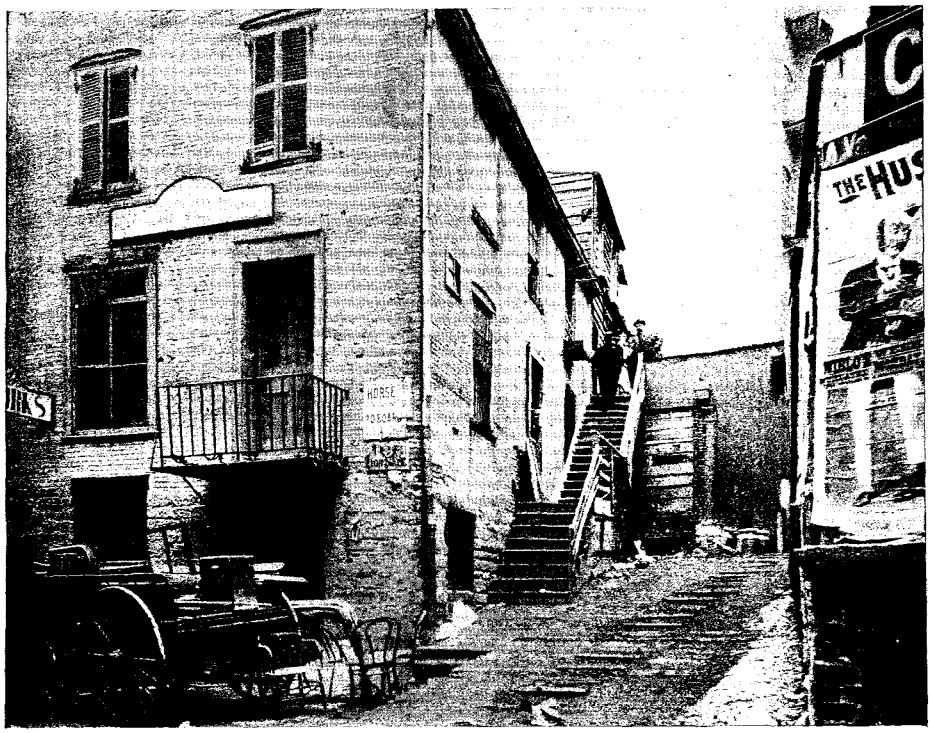

MONKEY HILL. IN "EBEN HOLDEN" MR. IRVING BACHELLER INTRODUCED THE OLD TRIBUNE OFFICE IN THE DAYS OF HORACE GREELEY. IN FINDING FOR HIS HERO A HOME IN NEW YORK MR. BACHELLER PRESERVED IN FICTION ONE OF THE QUAINTEST OF ALL THE CITY'S QUAINT CORNERS. THE MONKEY HILL OF THE PERIOD OF THE STORY WAS AT A POINT WHICH HAS LONG BEEN OVER-SHADOWED BY ONE OF THE ARCHES OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO A NUMBER OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPER MEN WERE IN THE HABIT OF DINING AT THE SAME TABLE AT MOUQUIN'S OR PEDRO'S OR SOME LIKE PLACE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE. STEPHEN CRANE, CHARLES K. GAINES, EDWARD MARSHALL, WILLIS B. HAWKINS, AND IRVING BACHELLER WERE MEMBERS OF THIS COMPANY. A LITTLE CLUB GREW OUT OF THE ASSOCIATION WHICH BECAME RATHER FAMOUS IN ITS TIME AS "THE SIGN OF THE LANTHORNE." THEY FOUND THEIR CLUB HOUSE—A SORT OF SWISS CHALET APPROACHED BY A HANGING STAIR THAT ASCENDED THE BRICK WALL OF AN IRON MONGER'S SHOP—ON MONKEY HILL

Mulberry Bend, the flavour of Baxter Street has found its way to Bayard Street; but here at the top of the incline where Park and Mott Streets meet, is the little Roman Catholic Church of the Transfiguration where the white slaves died in Edward W. Townsend's "The House of Yellow Brick"; the house itself still stands on the north side of Pell Street, about thirty yards from the Bowery; and at No. 16 Mott Street you will find the Joss temple with wondrous opening on the iron balcony, and the flight of well worn steps running up from the sidewalk in front described almost twenty years ago by Mr. Townsend in *A Daughter of the Tenements*.

VIII. WASHINGTON SQUARE—ONCE UPON A TIME

From the proletaire of yesterday let us turn to the pleasanter regions of Bohemia and Belgravia. In the seventies and early eighties there was a French Quarter in the streets to the immediate south of Washington Square. Bohemia had invaded the southerly line of the

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CHINATOWN. "THE HOUSE OF YELLOW BRICK" IN PELL STREET. THE SCENE OF EDWARD W. TOWNSEND'S STORY OF THAT NAME

Square, and across the park Belgravia frowned its disapproval. Naturally the contrast appealed to the writer of fiction and was to be found reflected in the pages of W. D. Howells, Bayard Taylor, Henry James, H. C. Bunner, Brander Matthews, F. Hopkinson Smith, Robert W. Chambers, Julian Ralph, E. W. Townsend, James L. Ford, R. H. Davis and many more. Fifteen years ago the writer made the comment that an imaginary circle, with its centre in the white Memorial Arch, and a radius of five or six hundred yards, would hold fully one-half of what was best in the local colour of New York fiction. On the north side of the Square, between Fifth Avenue and Macdougal Street, was the stately residence of Dr. Sloper, of Henry James's *Washington Square*. Almost directly opposite, but socially leagues away, was the residence, at No. 50, of Captain Peters of Bunner's *The Midge*. Bunner lived on the Square in his younger, Bohemian days, and throughout his life always seemed to think of it with a great love and sympathy. It has been chronicled that Bunner wrote *The Midge* to "get married on." The book was dashed off in the house in Seventh Street in which he was at the time living. That was one of the rare occasions on which he was ever seen to work. This characteristic was always a mystery to his friends and business associates. He was seldom seen at his writing table, and yet the end of the year showed an extraordinary amount of work to his credit. The secret of it lay in the ease and speed with which he wrote.

In *A Hazard of New Fortunes* Mr. Howells wrote of the "old-fashioned American respectability which keeps the north side of the Square in vast mansions of red brick, and the international shabbiness which has invaded the southern border and broken it up into lodging houses, shops, beer gardens, and studios." F. Hopkinson Smith brought the Square into *Caleb West;* Julian Ralph into *People We Pass;* Brander Matthews into *The Last Meeting;* Mrs. Burton Harrison into *Sweet Bells Out of Tune;* George William Curtis into *Prue and I;* Edgar Fawcett into *Rutherford;* R. W. Chambers into *The King in Yellow* and *Outsiders;* and Edward W. Townsend made use of the vast social gulf between the north and south sides in *Just Across the Square.*

IX. RECALLING COLONEL CARTER

Just south of Washington Square, at 146 Macdougal Street, there was, in former years, a rather pretentious Franco-Italian hotel frequented by writers and artists. But the Philistines of trade came, and of their repulse James L. Ford wrote in "Bohemia Invaded," in the course of which he referred to the hotel as the Garibaldi. Two or three blocks to the north of the Square,

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THE SLOPER RESIDENCE OF HENRY JAMES'S "WASHINGTON SQUARE." IN 1835, WHEN DR. SLOPER FIRST TOOK POSSESSION, MOVING UPTOWN FROM THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CITY HALL, WHICH HAD SEEN ITS BEST DAYS SOCIALLY, THE SQUARE, THEN THE IDEAL OF QUIET AND GENTEEL RETIREMENT, WAS ENCLOSED BY A WOODEN PALING

at Nos. 19 and 21 West Ninth Street, was the Hotel Griffou, a resort much frequented in its best days by Mr. Howells and Thomas Alibone Janvier. It was Franco-Spanish-Italian-South American in its nationality. To it Mr. Howells sent Ray in *The World of Chance,* and the flat hunting Marches in *A Hazard of New Fortunes.* About it Mr. Janvier wrote a series of typically New York stories in which the hotel was designated as the Casa Napoleon. The Louis Napoleon of these tales was Louis Napoleon Griffou. Tenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, was, in its associations with fiction, perhaps the richest of all the blocks in the city that was. There was the old studio building and painter men were frequent heroes in the years before the romance of business had come into fashion. Then in the old days there was the odd little white frame structure designated as No. 58½. It was the home of the old Tile Club. Brander Matthews, in *The Last Meeting,* placed Frederick Olyphant's studio there, and told how the house was reached from West Tenth Street by passing through a dim alley, "worn by the feet of three generations of artists." But first of all No. 58½ was the home of F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel George Fairfax Carter of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia, during that period of his life when he was in New York trying to interest the agents of British syndicates in the scheme, the consummation of which would have given some of the very first Virginia families easy access to the Atlantic Coast. Mr. Smith described the structure as "an old-fashioned, partly furnished, two story house, nearly a century old, which crouched down behind the larger and more modern dwelling fronting on the street." Tenth Street in the book was called Bedford Place. The spot was within a stone's throw of the tall clock tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court. The street en-

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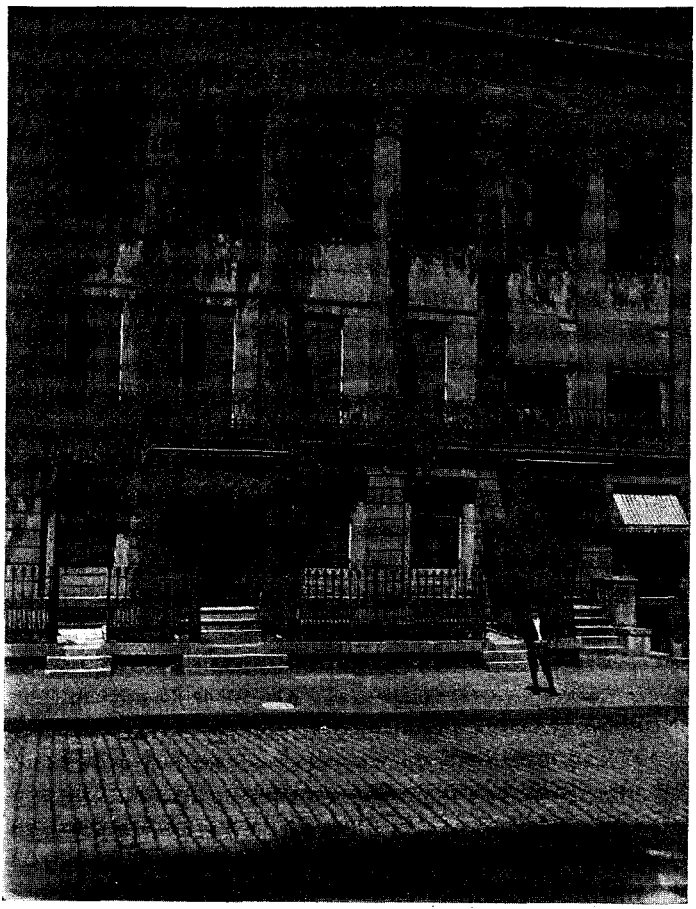

COLONNADE ROW. IN LAFAYETTE PLACE, OPPOSITE THE OLD ASTOR LIBRARY, WAS THIS CURIOUS RELIC OF THE OLDER NEW YORK. THESE HOUSES WERE WHITE, WITH TALL PILLARS AND DEEP BALCONIES. LITTLE GARDENS, SURROUNDED BY IRON RAILINGS, SEPARATED THEM FROM THE STREET. F. MARION CRAWFORD INTRODUCED THE SECOND HOUSE FROM THE NORTH IN THE ROW IN "THE RALSTONS," AND ANOTHER HOUSE WAS USED BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON IN "THE ANGLO-MANIACS"

trance to this curious abode was marked by a swinging wooden gate, opening into a narrow tunnel, which dodged under the front house. "It was an uncanny sort of passageway, mouldy and wet from a long neglected leak overhead, and lighted at night by a rusty lantern with dingy glass sides. In the days when the Tile Club flourished this quaint bit of local colour existed in its entirety. But most of it disappeared when Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the owner of the front house, No. 58, remodelled his own residence. In the stage presentation of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* the scene of one act was laid in the Colonel's dining room. When the play was in preparation, Mr. Smith piloted the scenic artist through the old building, with the result that the long room made familiar to theatregoers as the scene of the Virginian Don

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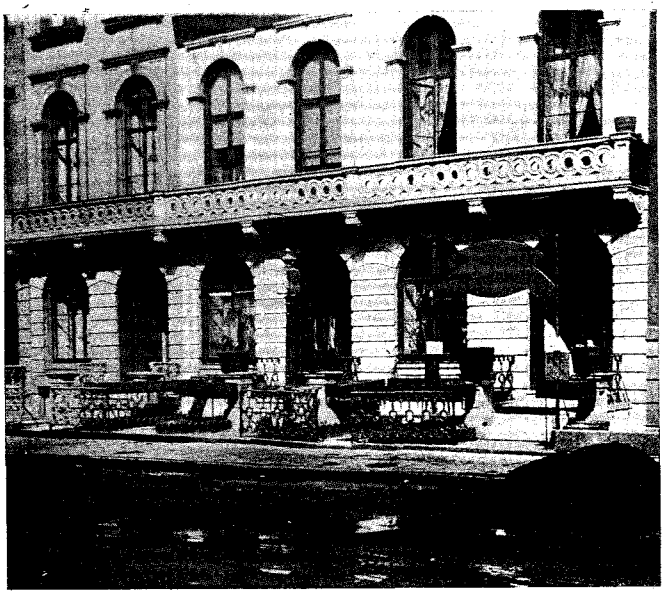

THE CASA NAPOLEON. PRESERVED BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS IN "THE WORLD OF CHANCE" AND "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," AND BY THOMAS A. JANVIER IN "AT THE CASA NAPOLEON" AND OTHER TALES. IT WAS IN REALITY THE HOTEL GRIFFOU AT 19 AND 21 WEST NINTH STREET. IT WENT OUT OF EXISTENCE ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO

IN THE "CASA NAPOLEON"

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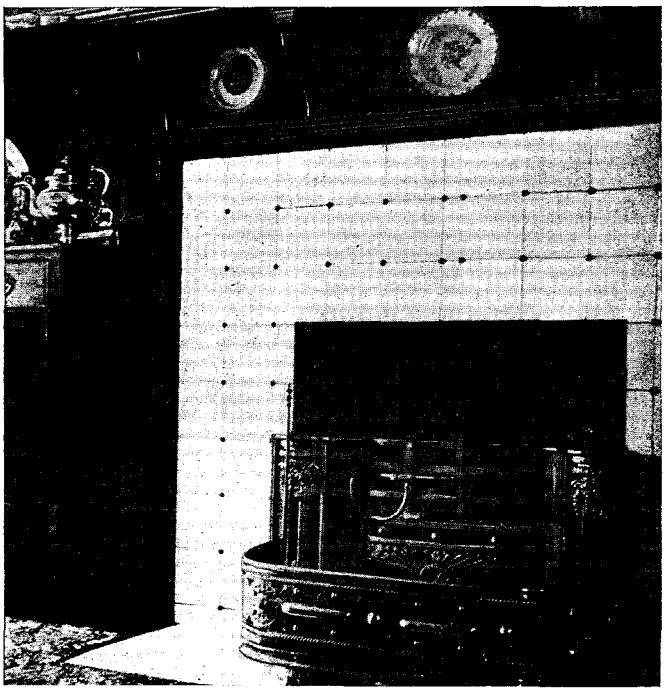

"THE FIRE IS MY FRIEND," SAID COLONEL CARTER. BUT HE HAD IN MIND AN EARLIER AND MORE PRIMITIVE FIREPLACE THAN THE ONE SHOWN IN THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION WHICH CAME INTO BEING AS PART OF THE REMODELLING OF THE OLD HOUSE

Quixote's exploits was an exact reproduction of the original chamber.

X. SQUARES AND STREETS

The familiar parks and squares played their parts in the books of the men and women who wrote of the City that Was just as they are playing their parts in the novels that are coming from the new generation. In *People That Pass* Julian Ralph had written of Tompkins Square with its "broad walks and hordes of screaming children." Of the time when the Square was "a dark horror to all decent citizens living near it," Edgar Fawcett had told in *An Ambitious Woman.* Those were the years when Tompkins Square was set aside by day as a parade ground for the city militia, which paraded there scarcely twice a year. "Its lampless lapse of earth was by night at least four acres of brooding gloom, and he who ventured to cross it stood the risk of thieving assault, if of nothing more harmful." Of Stuyvesant Square Mr. Fawcett had spoken as "one of the fragments that have been left uninvaded by the merciless spirit of change." In a little red brick house facing it Henry James had placed Mrs. Montgomery (*Washington Square*). Bunner had told how at night the strong wind used to blow the music of St. George's bells half across the city to Washington Square and the Midge's ears. "It was as though Stuyvesant Square, snugly locked up for the night, sent a midnight message of reproach to the broader and more democratic ground whose hard walks knew no rest from echoing footsteps in light or dark." Union Square and Madison Square had been reflected in novels of Henry James, W. D. How-

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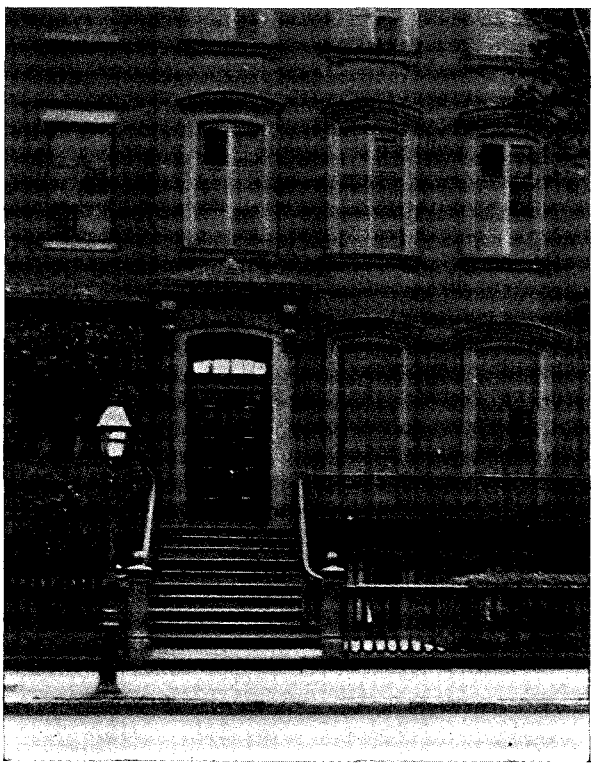

NUMBER 2 GRAMERCY PARK. IT WAS THE HOME OF MR. GIFFORD PINCHOT AND USED BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH AS THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. LEROY IN "CALEB WEST." IT WAS THERE THAT CALEB'S WIFE FOUND A REFUGE AFTER HER FLIGHT FROM HER HOME NEAR THE RACE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE IN THE LONG ISLAND SOUND

ells and Brander Matthews. Gramercy Park had not yet become a club region, but there was one club, on the south side, that had already made its appearance in New York fiction. No. 2 Gramercy Park, the home of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, had been used by F. Hopkinson Smith as the residence of Mrs. Leroy in *Caleb West*. The house at the northwest corner of Twenty-first Street and Lexington Avenue, now occupied by the Princeton Club, had been introduced by Edgar Saltus into *The Truth About Tristrem Varick*. It was there that Varick drove the needle-like Roman knife home to his host's heart.

Then there were the streets contiguous to these squares. Clinton Place had been a favourite with the novelists. Marion Crawford had found there a home for the Lauderdales (*Katherine Lauderdale* and *The Ralstons*) in the vine-covered house which formerly was the residence of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. There Bunner had placed Paul Hathaway (*The Midge*) in "an odd old structure inhabited by Bohemians." Directly across from the Brevoort House, where visiting Englishmen invariably "stopped" in the New York novels of the seventies and early eighties, was No. 68 Clinton Place, interesting as being not only the scene, but also the *raison d'être* of Thomas Janvier's "A Temporary Deadlock." In Lafayette Place, opposite the old Astor Library,

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AT THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, ON THE SITE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE BUILDING OF THE KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY, THERE LONG STOOD THE OLD STEWART MANSION. FOR A TIME IT WAS THE HOME OF THE MANHATTAN CLUB, AND AS SUCH WAS THE SCENE OF THE MEETING DESCRIBED IN PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S "THE HONOURABLE PETER STERLING," WHICH RESULTED IN THE NOMINATION OF THE HERO OF THE BOOK FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW YORK STATE

there was formerly a line of white houses with tall pillars and deep balconies, known as Colonnade Row. One of them had been used by Mrs. Burton Harrison in *The Anglo-maniacs,* and another, the second from the north, by Marion Crawford as the home of Walter and Hester Crowdie of *The Ralstons.* Thern there was the old Fourteenth Street of which no more graphic picture was ever drawn than that of Richard Harding Davis in *The Exiles.* Holcomb, the New York assistant district attorney, leaving Tangier, asks Meakin, the police commissioner who had been indicted for blackmailing gambling houses, if he cannot do something for him at home. Meakin replies:

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed. Lally's; just for luck. That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight, ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it?

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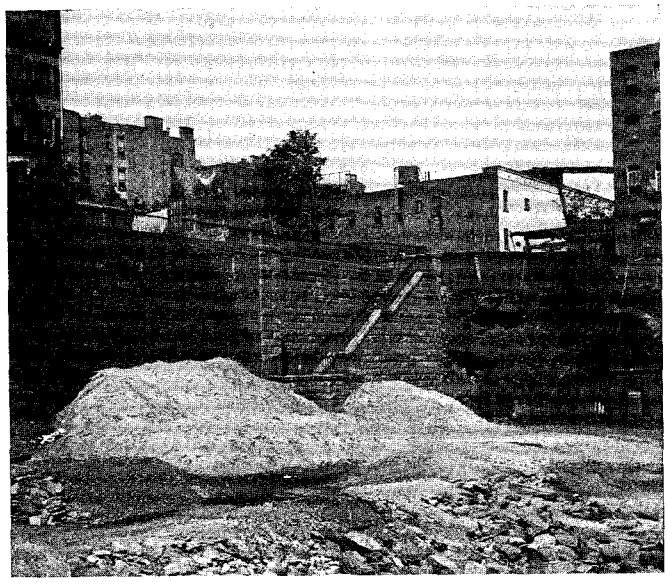

BEEKMAN PLACE AND THE TERRACE. THIS QUAINT BIT OF NEW YORK WHICH RUNS ALONG THE EAST RIVER FRONT FROM FORTY-NINTH STREET TO FIFTY-FIRST STREET, WAS THE SCENE OF HENRY HARLAND'S EARLY LITERARY LABOURS AND WAS INTIMATELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE CHARACTERS OF EVERY BOOK THAT HE WROTE UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF SIDNEY LUSKA. BEEKMAN PLACE AND THE TERRACE COMMAND A FINE VIEW OF BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, THE RIVER, AND THE OIL FACTORIES OF HUNTER'S POINT

Well," he laughed, and he shook his head. "I'll be back there some day, won't I?" he said wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

XI. BEEKMAN TERRACE

In the fiction of the City that Was there was perhaps no more picturesque corner than the Beekman Place of which the late Henry Harland had written under the pseudonym of Sidney Luska. Beekman Place can be found to-day, perched high up on the city's eastern brink, where East Fiftieth Street comes to an abrupt stop. Mr. Harland had discovered it and had lived there in the days when it had been his custom to go to bed immediately after dinner, to rise at two o'clock in the morning, and, fortified with strong coffee, with a wet towel bound round his head, to write undisturbed until it was time for breakfast, after which he started downtown for his daily work in the Surrogate's office. The first of his books thus laboriously produced had been *As it Was Written*. The opening scene in that story was laid at the Fifty-first Street end of the Terrace. It was there that Ernest Neuman found Varonika, one night when the moon had risen, a huge red disk out of the mist and smoke across the river. From the Terrace at this point a long flight of white stone steps leads down almost to the water's edge. In *Mrs. Peixada* Mr. Harland had given a long and graphic description of Beekman Terrace, "this unpretentious chocolate-coloured thoroughfare running north and south for two blocks from Forty-ninth to Fifty-first Street, a striking contrast to the rest of hot and dusty New York." From the balcony of the corner house occupied by Mrs. Peixada the characters of the tale looked down upon the busy river, where the tugs and Sound steam-

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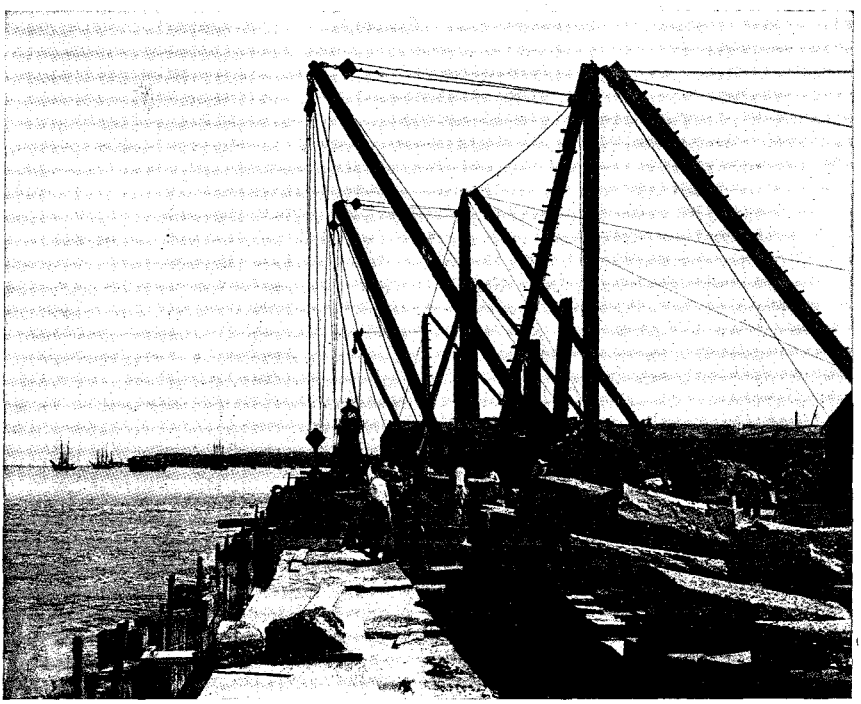

ALL ABOUT STATEN ISLAND WERE THE SCENES OF F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "TOM GROGAN." THE ROCKVILLE OF THE TALE WAS IN REALITY STAPLETON. THERE WERE THE HOUSE AND BARN OF THE HEROINE WHICH, UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO AT LEAST, COULD BE EASILY IDENTIFIED. THE CIVIL TRIAL TOOK PLACE IN A ROOM DIRECTLY ABOVE THE STAPLETON POST OFFICE AND JUST ACROSS THE SQUARE WAS THE ORIGINAL OF THE SALOON IN WHICH PLOTS WERE HATCHED AGAINST TOM. THE REAL TOM GROGAN WAS MRS. BRIDGET MORGAN, STEVEDORE. THE ACCOMPANYING ILLUSTRATION SHOWS "THE SEA WALL THAT BABCOCK WAS BUILDING FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE DEPARTMENT"

ers kept up a continual puffing and whistling. In the water there was a beautiful mother-of-pearl tint, and around the corner a band was grinding out selections from *Trovatore.*

XII. BEYOND THE OLD CITY

The traveller by the trains of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway passing the station at Williamsbridge can catch a glimpe through the trees of a rapidly decaying frame house on the banks of the winding narrow Bronx. Once upon a time it was Laguerre's, characterised by F. Hopkinson Smith as the "most delightful of French inns, in the quaintest of French settlements." Once upon a time, under the tall trees trailing their branches in the still stream, the white ducks paddled together, and the queer punts were drawn up on the shelving shore or tied to soggy, patched-up landing stairs. But gone is Laguerre's, and probably gone, too, is the original of the character, Henri Lemaire, who like the François Laguerre of the tale, was a maker of passe-partouts, with a shop somewhere on Sixth Avenue. A quarter of a century ago, when the artists used to find in it relaxation and inspiration, Laguerre's was unique in its mouldiness, romance and charm. Now—well perhaps the homeward bound commuter of Greenwich, or Cos Cob, or Stamford passing Williamsbridge had better not take that look. *Sic transit!*

They were more sedate, those old

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THE TRAVELLER BY THE TRAINS OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILWAY PASSING THE STATION AT WILLIAMSBRIDGE, CAN CATCH A GLIMPSE THROUGH THE TREES OF A RAPIDLY DECAYING FRAME HOUSE ON THE BANKS OF THE WINDING, NARROW BRONX. ONCE UPON A TIME IT WAS LAGUERRE'S, CHARACTERISED BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH AS THE "MOST DELIGHTFUL OF FRENCH INNS IN THE QUAINTEST OF FRENCH SETTLEMENTS"

suburbs beyond the waters that surround Manhattan into which the novelists of the older generation ventured. The fever of New York had not yet reached them. In *An Ambitious Woman* Edgar Fawcett had invaded Greenpoint. He had found it covered by the pall of a sovereign dreariness. He had dwelt on its ugliness, its melancholy, its torpor, its neglect. To him it always had what he described as a certain "goblin hideousness keenly picturesque." Again and again when he was writing the story Fawcett crossed the ferry to soak himself in that Greenpoint atmosphere, with its tragi-comic suggestiveness. The backgrounds of the tale were the black, loamy meadow, and the sodden bridge, and the little, inky creek, and the flock of iris-necked pigeons, and the dull, dirty smoke from the factories. The Twinings of *An Ambitious Woman* lived in a three-story wooden house of a yellowish drab colour, with trellissed piazza, Corinthian pillars, and high basement windows, in one of the side

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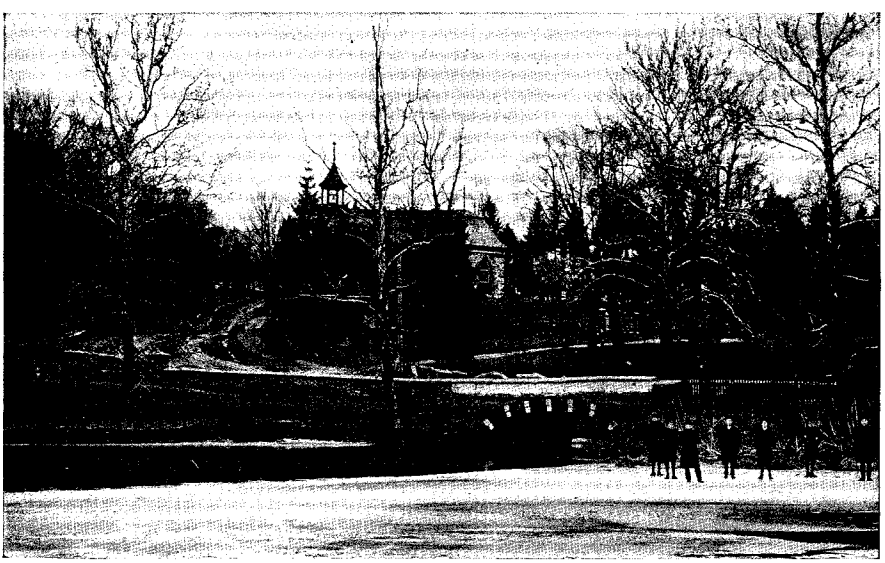
"THAT BROAD EXPANSION OF THE RIVER DENOMINATED BY THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS THE TAPPAN ZEE" (WASHINGTON IRVING'S "THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW")



THE OLD CHURCH OF WASHINGTON IRVING'S "THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW." IT WAS THERE THAT ICHABOD CRANE INSTRUCTED KATRINA VAN TASSEL IN PSALMODY. FROM THE SURROUNDING CHURCHYARD THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN WAS SAID TO ISSUE NIGHTLY. ICHABOD'S FRIGHT BEGAN WHEN PASSING THE TREE BY WHICH MAJOR ANDRÉ WAS CAPTURED. HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN BEGAN AT THE BRIDGE, ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS FARTHER ON. THE CHURCH WAS BUILT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. THE OLD MOTT HOMESTEAD, NEARBY, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN THE VAN TASSEL HOME, WAS DESTROYED SEVENTEEN OR EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO

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streets. Fifteen years ago a few such houses were still to be found. Ten years before that a hill, known as Pottery Hill, had been razed. It was from the summit of this hill that Mr. Fawcett had described his heroine as "watching the wrinkled river, drab and tremulous, the boats, and beyond the church spires of New York." But Fawcett wandered to the west as well as to the east. It was the Hoboken of less turbulent days that he pictured in *A Daughter of Silence,* a book which, by the way, was always a favourite of Robert Ingersoll. There he found the little park, which still may be seen from midstream in the Hudson, where Guy Arbuthnot and Brenda first met and spoke.

Still farther afield led the old trail—to the Staten Island of F. Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan;* the Jersey hills of Frank R. Stockton's tales, and Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith.* Back, too, it led to the days when Fenimore Cooper's Harvey Birch peddled patriotically the roads of Westchester, and Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane fled from the Headless Horseman at Sleepy Hollow—days of what was a city of remote yesterday to the City that Was.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS—A NEW PILGRIMAGE
PART II. THE CAÑONS OF THE MONEY GRUBBERS

The second paper in this series will deal with the streets of downtown New York City as they have been reflected in the fiction of the last decade and a half. First, looming up in the sky, are the "Big Cañons of the Money Grubbing Tribe," symbolising the city's wealth, vastness, and lack of sympathy. Kipling's "Ship That Found Herself" surveyed them complacently, being obsessed by her own sense of achievement. The old nigger man from Virginia, in the O. Henry story "Thimble! Thimble!" stumbled through them in his search for his "Young Marse Blandford," perhaps brushing against a banker of the pages of Mrs. Wharton, or Mr. Chambers, or Mr. Johnson, or a derelict tipster from a tale of Edwin Lefevre. The cañons dwindle in depth. A few blocks to the east leads to the Criminal Court district and its associations with recent fiction. To the west, along the North River front, are the great piers of the transatlantic lines. How many of the novels' heroes and heroines have parted there; how many gallant young Americans of the magic world of make believe have swung lightly down those gang-planks bound for intrigue and adventure in mythical Balkan principalities? From No. 19 Lispenard Street, where they first came upon the scene of fiction, Potash and Perlmutter hurry across town to borrow money from the Kosciusko Bank in east Grand Street, in doing so, penetrating deep into the new Ghetto of Montague Glass, Bruno Lessing, and James Oppenheim. The old Bowery, the Bowery of Chimmie Fadden, is gone, but there is a new Bowery, rich with the associations of the modern Haroun-Alraschid, who told for us the stories of "The Social Triangle," "Past One at Rooney's," and "The Love Potion of Ikey Schoenstein"; and despite the activities of social reformers and millionaire philanthropists, there is still something of a mysterious East Side. Whether "Little Old Noisyville on the Subway," or "Yaptown on the Hudson," if you prefer it, be a friend or a stranger to you, the writer asks your companionship in the following of the trail.

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CERTAIN REMINISCENCES

BY RICHARD WHITEING

PART III—A MISSION TO RUSSIA

Mr. Whiteing, in the opening paragraph of this paper, makes the curious but not unnatural blunder of ascribing Eugene Schuyler's "Life of Peter the Great" to the "Century Magazine." As a matter of fact the serial appeared in 1879 and 1880 in "Scribner's Magazine," which soon afterwards was purchased by the Century Company. At any rate the venture took Mr. Whiteing to Russia, where he worked in the Imperial Library, the Hermitage, the private picture collection of the Tsar, studied at first hand the Russian social life and temperament, and saw something of Turgenieff and other literary and artistic figures.

My life was still Paris as a place of settlement, tempered by foreign missions. One of these took me to Russia. The *Century Magazine,* then in its beginning, had made a new departure in serial publication, with a *Life of Peter the Great,* by Eugene Schuyler, United States Consul at Rome. There was need of material for illustration; I was sent out to collect it for the benefit of the Russian and French artists in Paris who, under my direction, were to illustrate the work.

The conductors of the new magazine —Mr. Roswell Smith, as representing the company, Dr. Holland as Editor, with Richard Watson Gilder as the next in command,—had determined to make art in illustration one of the chief features. They took incredible pains about it, and were as lavish of money as other commanders are of lives. The old wood engraving was to give place to the new method of the process which preserves all the main features of the original drawing. All engraving is at best only a translation, and too often but a paraphrase: the other is verisimilitude, in all that makes for "quality"—the strokes of the brush work, the happy accidents of the fever of execution. A graver trying to be careless is sometimes but an elephant dancing a hornpipe. It was now to be the picture almost as it had come from the artist's hand. They imported largely from Germany, both for methods and for men. They had many ups-and-downs in the course of the heroic venture, but they won at last, and revolutionised the higher art of illustration throughout the world.

I took out the proper introductions, and I needed them. All official Russia was in the cold fit of suspicion and mistrust, the period being that of the assassination of the Tsar Liberator Alexander II. He had emancipated his serfs on conditions that satisfied neither them nor their masters, and, like most adventurous reformers, he was sacrificed to the principle of all or none. His successor was hardly encouraged by the example, and he went into gloomy retirement by way of giving himself a chance of dying in his bed. The Winter Palace was in a state of drawn blinds; the imperial family walked the gardens of Peterhof within a ring of sixty thousand bayonets.

This was unfortunate for me, as I particularly wished to see the gallery of the Hermitage, for battle-pictures or other memorials of Peter. The Hermitage is really a private collection of the Tsar, to which in quiet times the public are admitted by imperial favour; it adjoins and forms part of the Palace. How to get in? The will was there, and the way was found by the good offices of the *chargé d'affaires* of the

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United States. I had a special permit, and was put under the care of a military officer, sword-begirt, but of course only because he was in uniform. He naturally had his instructions to see all fair to both sides, especially that of the Russian Government.

I had no reason to complain of him—quite the contrary. He was politeness, and even court politeness, itself. Though theoretically my leader, he always bowed me in front of him, and never asked me to turn right or left without a "Will you be so exceedingly obliging?" to preface the request. It was quite uplifting if only you took it in the right way, and I managed to do that by cherishing the fancy that I was his imperial master, attended by an *aide-de-camp*. In this way we mounted the famous staircase of malachite, and passed with echoing steps through the magnificent galleries decorated in an equally lavish way. It was gratifying, but after a little of it I began to pity both myself and the Tsar. Marooned in this paradise of beauty, without a kindred soul! It was the image of the awful solitude of his state. The clanking sabre of my *aide-de-camp* —I think there were spurs, too, for the effect of the minor key—seemed quite at cross purposes with the work on the walls. Peasant interiors with dim figures saying grace in the light of a farthing dip, before sitting down to a mutton-bone; Temptations of St. Anthony; a Spanish collection, the finest in the world outside of Madrid; exquisite landscapes of all the schools, glowing in the soft light of peace, happiness and the beatitudes of the spiritual life. How enjoy such things in such a void! Everything was out of keeping: you had to skate from masterpiece to masterpiece over the polished floors.

Art and autocracy must ever be at cross purposes. I had met Count Zichy on the way out, in his retirement from the post of painter to the Russian Court, and he showed me the drawings for his pictures, done under conditions that make all modern work "to command" almost invariably a failure. They were chiefly pencilled sketches of costumes, in microscopic detail. He explained that the first and last consideration with the august sitters was the spiritual import of their wearing apparel. They seemed to have a dress for every circumstance, every event, every mood of their superbly tailored lives. It was their only way of expression consistent with the supreme necessity of saving a face in lines of eternal calm. One of his last commissions was a picture of the arrival at Sebastopol of the remains of the Tsarevitch Nicholas, who had died at Nice, his brother succeeding as Alexander III. The tremendously solemn import of the ceremony was imperilled at every moment by this sense of the overlordship of the outfitter, in the minds of all. Such and such chamberlains, admirals, generals, governors of provinces were in attendance, each in uniform which had to be rendered in its minutest detail of *passementerie,* at large, not omitting the bell-ropes in gold and silver lace that, on such occasions, dangle from the shoulder to the chest. When these were right, and not a moment before, the picture was passed, but as no official was in charge of the simple pathos of the matter, this came very poorly off. The very buttons had laws of their own: "Kindly remember, *monsieur le peintre,* that my tunic has double lines of two buttons with alternations of three." All this multiplied into the several claims of epaulette, sashes, sword-knots, trouser stripes twin or single, orders and stars! It was as bad as a wake, with the bier and its tenant reduced to a side show.

It was quite a relief to have to pursue one's researches in the Imperial library. Here was a librarian who was quite a fellow-creature, in the first place, and an official only in the second. He was always helpful, at times somewhat formally polite, but beneath all this quite capable of little tempers, and of airs of lassitude which showed that you had really worn his patience to the quick. It was all very well to be conscientious in your work, and to ask for this, that

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and the other almost beyond the resources of the printed word, but librarians have their feelings, to say nothing of their dinner-hours. I remember a final outburst that brought me to my senses. "It is, as I have already had the honour to tell you, monsieur, quite out of our power to answer that question." This is the Russian, old and new, the hot temper always at hand to help the goodness of heart out of a difficulty. The combination of the most obsequious civility with the rough edge of some original sin not yet worked out of the system was particularly refreshing, and it gave me great pleasure in his society. It had the charm of exploration without the labour of research, like a buried city within a hand's breadth of the surface.

This, so far as my observation goes, is characteristic of the race. Their western culture is but one of their rough coats worn inside out to show a silken lining. They are still good fellows,—that is the main point,—and human in their alternations of the mood of the moment. I was lucky enough to see something of both at their best.

The old Russian *boyar,* or noble type, I encountered at Petersburg—I beg its pardon, Petrograd. He had a large estate within the city, and I had been referred to him as a person who knew all that was worth knowing about the iconography of Peter the Great. He might almost have had it at first hand from Peter, to judge by the antiquity of his manners and customs. I found him, by invitation, at a family dinner; and at the head of a long table with covers laid for thirty or so, husband and wife, sons and sons' wives and children, with a married grandchild here and there, and his progeny, to make out. It was the patriarchal roof-tree, as you may still find it in our old French colony of Mauritius, the dining-room as the baronial hall of the clan. Here, wherever they lived in the capital, they were expected to assemble on Sundays for the family feast. He was quite of the old school, in his long white beard of the days when Peter, fresh from his Western tour, had to keep barbers at the gates of the cities, to bring Asia into line with Europe. His garments were in the bunchy style of his primitive Russian prints, wrappers without much concern about a fit, the outer one-half dressing-gown. The younger people were as smart as you could wish, Paris and London at their best. He was hail-fellow-well-met, though in a certain stately way, and his manners were quite distinguished. It would have been impossible, I should say, to take a liberty with him without having to smart for it. He had a certain noble air as of one used to unquestioning obedience all his life. The children took many liberties, for all that, while still watching him to see how far they could go. So long as he merely roared calls to order, they had it all their own way, but when he named them, they stopped at once.

The style of it all must have come straight down for centuries, with hardly a change. To me, as the stranger within his gates, he was all high courtesy, serious discussion of the purpose of my visit, promises of aid, well kept. I don't know how far he ranked as a mere survival—I did not see enough of the country to judge that—but I fancy there were more of his sort than generally meet the eye of the tourist. I caught many glimpses of men like him in externals, people of the upper middle, cuddling huge bed pillows as part of their equipment for a railway journey, and sometimes stores of provender in bags. It is quite conceivable that he carried his pillow, too, when he went abroad and laughed at his manicured sons and daughters as milksops for being content to find all their comforts of home in palace cars. I daresay they laughed back again, though with discretion, so it suited both parties. This is Russia the old and the new, still side by side, and with perfect understanding and good fellowship between them, and no aloofness to mark a sense of the grades. It was a pleasant contrast to the free England I had left behind.

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After dinner, we went into the grounds, where, as it was yet winter, a huge *montagne Russe* was reared for the slides. It was the well-known Russian variety of the toboggan. You mount to the top of a wooden tower, throw yourself into a sled, and then career at railway speed down a gully of dark gleaming ice, banked on either side with snow, to reach a level where the loss of the impetus gradually slows you down to a standstill. Then up again, and *da capo,* till you have had your fill. It is a desperate business for a beginner, but I was silly enough to try it, even with a moujik for driver. He got me down all right, but I don't care to say what became of my topper hat and my dignity!

This interior may be contrasted with another of a Russian *salon* of the new generation. And still it was of the old one, for whenever I think of it I am reminded of the *salon* of Tolstoi's *War and Peace*. The conversation was still mainly in French, the figures, but for the fashions of the day, were the same, governing ring, military, leaders of society. The talk was politics, scandal, rumours of wars, the joys of life reduced by successive cultures to the needs of anæmic souls. The common topic, with which you were always safe, was the latest dancer at the opera. It was the Russia of the reaction against popular liberties, the white terror over again, and avenging itself on the red. This was my only glimpse of a society of that kind, and I freely own that I felt afraid of it, as something both decadent and unreal. All were but playing a part, in their smooth-spoken cynicism, their thick lacquer of polish, their utter want of all fervour of conviction, where conviction of a kind must still have had its place. They launched the phrase as happily as their forerunners of France, for with their subtle intelligence this was the charm they most readily caught. But these are not governing qualities in our hurly-burly of a world, still awaiting its finishing touches as a human settlement. One could not help thinking of their balance of fellow-countrymen, some hundred and sixty million strong, and wondering how long it would last as a thing sufficient to racial and national needs. Minorities always rule, of course, but they must be strong ones. With all their fine talk, fine manners, these good folk seemed to take high politics as some of us nearer home take the game of bridge. The women were the worst offenders in their passion for social form. I leave it as an impression for what it is worth, without attempting to explain or defend.

Certainly the aptitude of Rusians for learning things is marvellous—a natural quickness. I knew of one who had four languages, besides her own, at her tongue's end—English, French, German, Italian. She spoke in them and wrote in them. And she had something to write about—a basis of solid studies, in history, literature and the commerce of life. She thought in them, wrongly enough sometimes, as I thought in my turn, but that was merely matter of opinion. The thesis was there, coherent and four-square, with the power to hold her own in it. She was obsessed with the idea of a superior caste of mind, to which she and her intellectual set belonged. With all this she was a most accomplished musician, and had filled the Queen's Hall more than once for concerts given in her own name. I have a certain hesitation in saying all this, because it may seem founded on mere recollections of my reading in prodigies of the past, our own Admirable Crichton or the Continental Pico della Mirandola. As a lad, Crichton is said to have known a dozen languages: I wonder in how many of them he could have deceived the native. Gilbert Hamerton used to say that no more than two can ever be acquired in that perfection. The peculiarity in this lady's case, as a Russian, was that she was one of many only less richly endowed. And I hasten to add, still with the purpose of saving myself, that the union of qualities precluded the marked bias for one, that makes for success. Nothing in par-

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ticular seemed worth doing, because all seemed so easy to do. The sense of this limitation helped to kill Marie Bashkirtseff. Distinction seemed ever to elude her, till she won it at last by the sheer frankness of her confession of failure. But she was not there to enjoy it when it came. "What shadows we are"—every aspiring soul can finish the quotation.

The classic case, I think, in our British experience, is Madame de Novikoff. It was a real part, well played; there was a moment, fleeting, as even historic moments are, when she figured as a sort of supplementary ambassador. She knew all our great people as a friend and intimate. She wrote freely to the *Times,* with Holy Russia and "our Tsar" for subjects; and she had huge store of postcards, to say nothing of letters still unpublishable, to show how heartily a Prime Minister of England entered into the fun of the game. Her day passed, for a meteoric appearance like that cannot possibly become an institution; but while it lasted it was enough to make her one of the women of the time. She seemed rather out of place in England, where every fine drawn scheme is apt to be upset by a chilly blast of popular feeling. Yet she has lived to see a Russian Alliance, for all that.

I was so lucky as to find Turgenieff at Petrograd, and to obtain access to him through a friend. Him I have always regarded as one of the first-rates, because he did so much to reveal his native Russia to the western world. I called on him one Sunday morning, and found him with two or three friends. There was no mystery in their meeting, yet to me it had quite the air of a gathering of initiates of a forbidden faith—say, Nicodemus taking his first course. When I strolled from there into the neighbouring cathedral, with its worshippers prostrate on the marble floor, I saw that this fancy was merely an atmospheric effect.

He received me most kindly, and showed interest in the work on which I was engaged, but was sparing in his references to things Russian, as though he felt that he was on the wrong side of the frontier for that. What he thought of his native land, and of its political and social life, was in his works, for all who knew how to find his meaning. He lived abroad, but as the interpreter of Russia to herself and to the foreigner, it was not to his interest to deprive himself of all chance of occasional contact with the living text. Verestchagin used occasionally to scoff at him as wanting in pluck, but the great writer knew what he was about, and his was by far the finer mind.

The Parisian circle of his acquaintance was at once larger and select. He mastered all that France had to teach him in literature, and, while equal to her best as a craftsman of philosophic fiction, he had a just sense of their lack of contact at first hand with the deeper tragedy of life. When this secret came out in posthumous indiscretions, based on diaries and letters, it was a little disconcerting to find that he had no great opinion of Daudet, but, when you got used to it, easy to bear. It agreed with thoughts that had flitted through one's own mind, without being asked to stay, for lack of courage. The French writer was a little too manifestly anxious to please. Urbanity has its price. The *Lettres de Mon Moulin,* wherewith he bounded into public notice, are a trifle insipid on a second reading, as being too much about all the certificated nice things nicely said. Octave Feuillet, as we have already seen, was the arch offender in this way, with the eternal theme of the hero as prig. Daudet was naturally upset by his friend's frankness, and he wrote bitter things about violated hospitality, and a not too amiable Russian from the Steppe, which were much beside the mark.

Gorki, a writer of the same serious sense of the calling as his compatriot, came my way years after, and in a rather curious manner. One day, as he was passing through England to take up his long residence in the milder climate of Italy, I received an invitation

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to meet him at dinner at the chambers of Mr. Hagberg Wright. A dozen or so were at the board, among them Nevinson and Bernard Shaw. It could hardly be called a sociable gathering, for the guest of the evening had no language but his own, and most of the others were without Russian. Our felicitations, therefore, had first to be offered in English or French, and then turned into his mother tongue by the lady who accompanied him—with the process reversed, of course, for his acknowledgments. It became as tedious as an extradition case in the unknown tongue. He said something amiable to me about my work, and I could not help asking him how he came to know anything about it. "I have read it in translation," he said. I pricked up my ears: no application for leave had reached me from that quarter. As I afterwards learned, it was not required. The piracy was still a compliment of a kind, and I left it at that, no doubt to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned.

Naples set him up again—his lungs were in a very weak state. I hope he has suffered no relapse by his patriotic offer to take his place in the ranks for the war of 1914. There was a twofold risk. For a long time he found his native air a less dangerous adversary than his native government. His first attempt to repatriate himself ended in a precipitate flight back to the south. Russia will have to find a better way of using men like that than to put truth-telling into her penal code. There are signs that the present struggle of nations and races may lead her to mend her ways. The offer to Poland gives ground for hope, but no more can be said while Finland still mourns the loss of her chartered liberties. If all is to be even second-best in the world—and Pangloss himself would now hardly put in his claim for more—democracy must be allowed to try her hand. Everything else has been tried, and see where we are to-day!—with the only light in the sky focused on the shining armour of the War Lord, on his knees to the United States for a smile.

Tolstoi has left a literature for the masses more stupendous in conception and execution than even all his earlier work. It is little read outside of Russia, but its regenerating power for the spirit of man is simply incalculable. As a miracle of mere technic it stands alone, with this giant of intellect and heart making himself again, in his old age, as a little child, to bring the highest thought to the humblest minds.

It is curious to study ideals and usages as they actually function to make the whole world kin. The community of great ideas is, of course, the finest example, especially the community of the emotions. But these still have different springs, according to the latitude and longitude, and, besides, you have to know a people well to discover what is really astir in their souls. Meanwhile, mere superficial manners and customs may sometimes give a clue of a kind. The very fashions are not to be despised. You may now travel all across Europe and Asia, and find traces of the reigning hat, male or female, of the boulevard. I know it is so in Europe, and I hazard the rest on trust. It is the same with the amusements, especially those of the grosser sort. The music-hall—one rather takes shame to say it—is a bond of union to-day. If I had been prepared with the reflection in time, it would have saved me a shock at the sight of a *lion comique* at Petrograd. There he was, in a close imitation of the make-up of his prototype, The Great Vance, then our star above the horizon. It was faultless as to evening-dress and crush hat, not forgetting the button-hole. The "swell" of popular vision was the thing aimed at in each case. The racial differentiation came in with the artist's reading of his part. The Briton idealised in mere jolly dog-ism, spreeing in floods of champagne, and "to-morrow we'll get sober." The Russian did better than that. His little song had the national *nitchevo* for its burden, but in this case only as a

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mere devil-may-care, for the want of something to care about on your own account. Quite freely rendered, it might have stood for "What's the use?" —a deeper strain, I thought, than ours.

My next stage was Moscow, for special research in the archives of the Kremlin. The harvest was a little too rich, to tell the truth about it. Pictured costumes of every period, especially, of course, of the time when Peter began to take matters in hand. Rude merry-makings and drinking bouts, great battle pieces, with the armies drawn up to fit the squares of a sort of chessboard that stood for the field, with infantry lost, as it were, in the pine forests of their own spears towering to the sky, rectangular cavalry and artillery on the same plan. It was the formation of the time and it served to discomfit Turk and Swede, among the bonniest fighters in history. Perhaps the Scots' soldier of fortune in Peter's service had brought the pikes oversea. They saved the little there was to save on the field at Flodden, and won Bannockburn.

Then, of course, there was the Kremlin, the fortified city within the city, white-stoned and still looking as new as when it rose from its ashes after the burning. Within, a bunch of little churches and official buildings, some with the dignity of shrines, all close together, like things packed in a box. Even the great coronation church is but a chapel-of-ease beside Westminster Abbey, or the cathedral of Rheims—what is left of this now! One, and that the most perfect gem of orthodox art, is but a house of prayer for a doll. You make the round of it in a jiffy, and go from turret to turret by passages in which there is hardly room for more than one abreast. Kneel in some of the shrines, if you can, when two or three are gathered together. Like most buildings, public or private, in Russia, they are stuffy to the last degree. The idea seems to be—keep out the cold by keeping out the fresh air, and warming up the stale with everlasting fires. A mouthful of it is something to bite. The smell of incense in possession is often as old as the buildings. The Tsar sniffs the ages as he sits on his coronation throne. The jewelled ikons suggest untapped sources of wealth: the Russian church has levied tribute of this sort for centuries. At the Troitska monastery, according to the legend, the cellars are full of precious stones: a new Aladdin would only have to broach the casks in which they are stored.

And all I still had to miss!—for want of time, opportunity, knowledge; Moscow winning its way back to true metropolitan rank as the centre of the Panslavist movement and of the Panslavist faith.

I returned to Paris only to find that I should soon have to set out once more. Schuyler was getting behindhand with his copy for the serial issue, and wanted a clerical lift. This took me and my amanuensis to Rome in the depth of winter. We dug him out of a mass of proof, or of notes awaiting the shorthand-writer, and saved the situation; but it was a close thing. At the farewell luncheon, he led me into his study for coffee and cigarettes, and for the welcome warmth of my first charcoal fire. I reached the station almost in a state of collapse: the fumes had poisoned me. However, I managed to stagger to the train, and to sleep it off in nightmare visions before the journey's end.

In the concluding paper of this series, to appear in the October issue, Mr. Whiteing will give his impressions of some of the latter day literary figures, such as Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, and Andrew Lang.

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WAR CARTOONS FROM PUNCH

THE KAISER—"SO YOU SEE—YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING"
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS—"NOT MY SOUL"—OCTOBER 21, 1914

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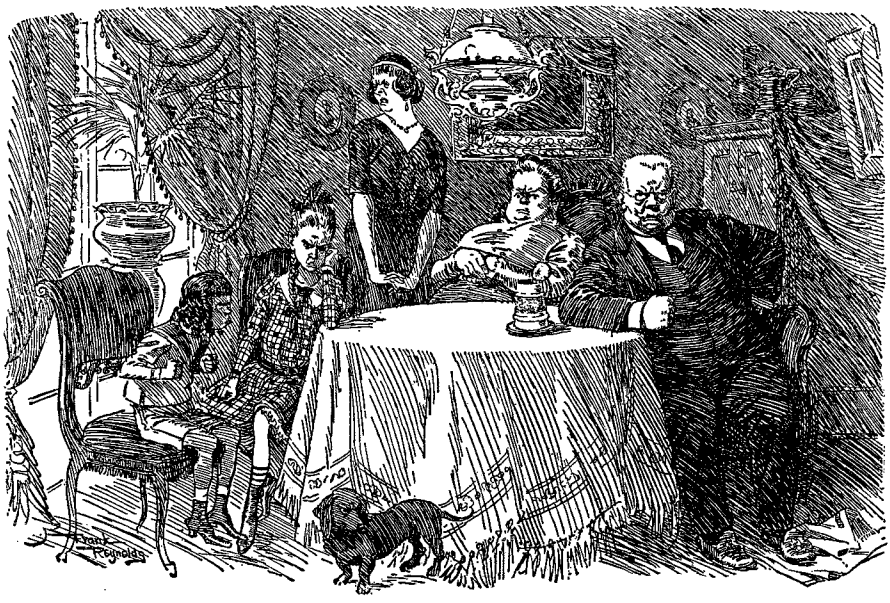
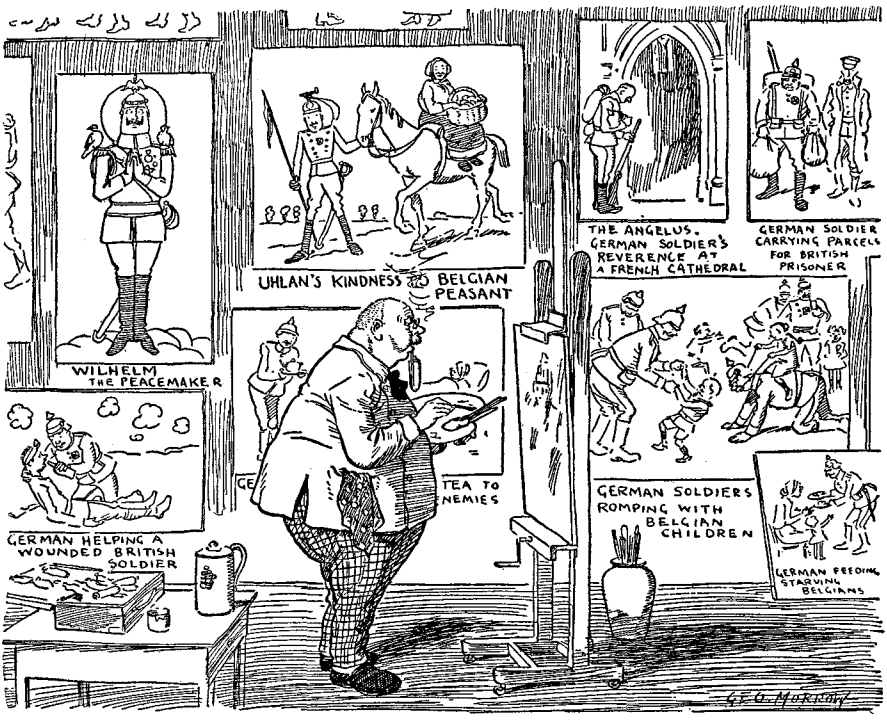


STUDY OF A PRUSSIAN HOUSEHOLD HAVING ITS MORNING HATE. FEBRUARY 24, 1915



A PRUSSIAN COURT PAINTER EARNING AN IRON CROSS BY PAINTING PICTURES IN PRAISE OF THE FATHERLAND FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION. NOVEMBER 11, 1914

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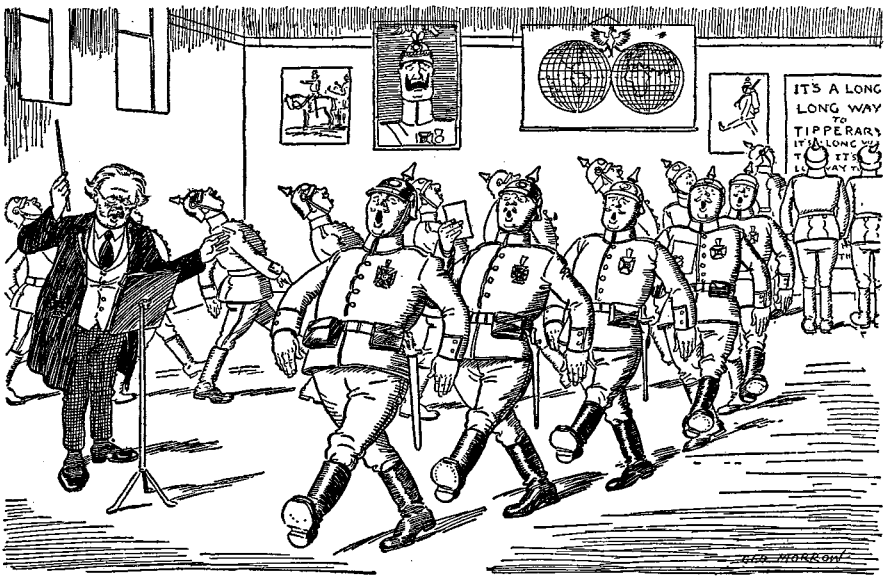
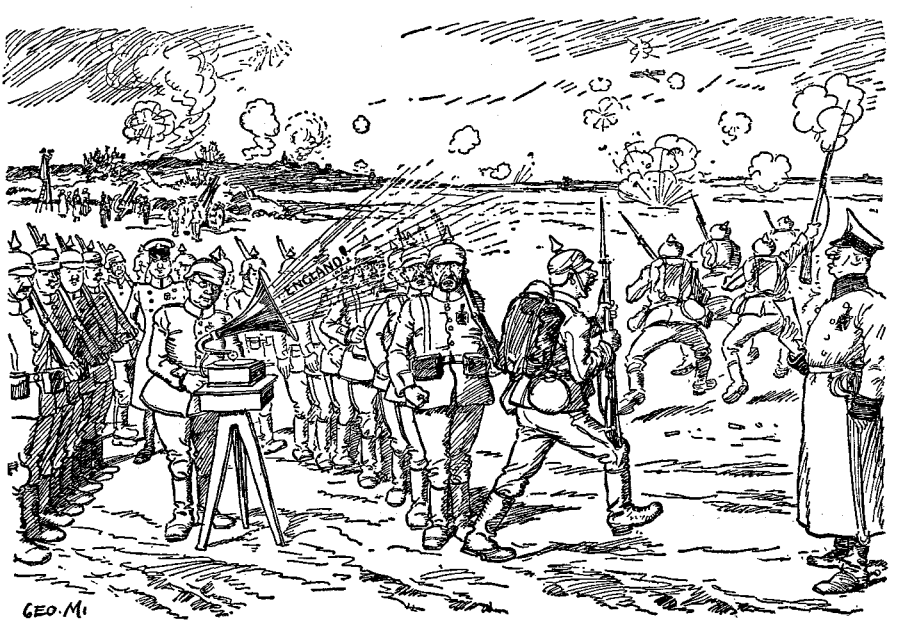


LEARNING TO SING "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" FOR THE PURPOSE OF DECEIVING THE ALLIES. NOVEMBER 4, 1914



GERMAN SOLDIERS BEING ROUSED TO ENTHUSIASM BY THE "HYMN OF HATE." DECEMBER 16, 1914

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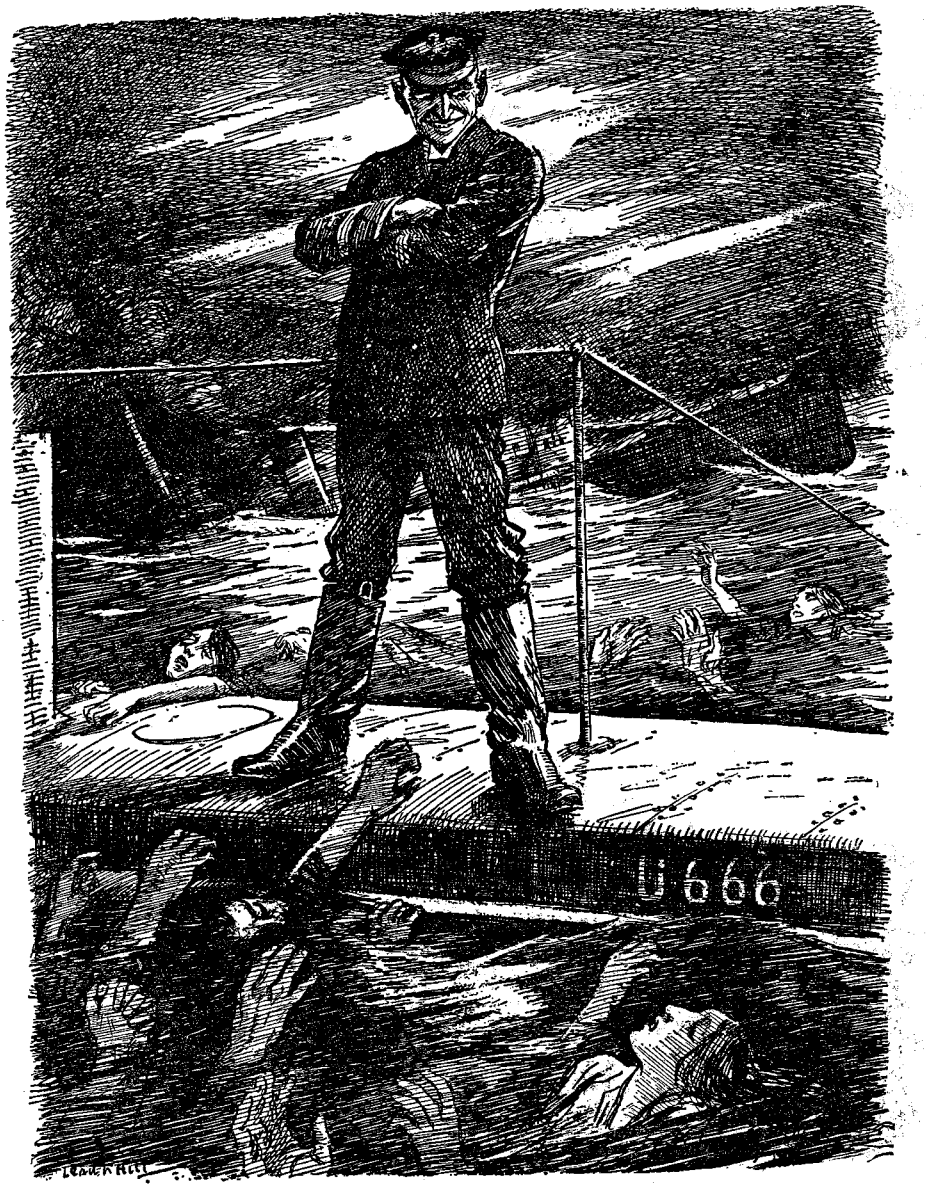

GERMAN SUBMARINE OFFICER: "THIS OUGHT TO MAKE THEM JEALOUS IN THE SISTER SERVICE. BELGIUM SAW NOTHING BETTER THAN THIS." APRIL 7, 1915

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THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE." AUGUST 26, 1914

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RUPERT BROOKE

A POSTCRIPT

BY MILTON BRONNER

A little group of literary undertaker's men gathers round the tomb of a young poet, earnestly mournful, respectful, prudent and red-nosed . . .

So spoke a poet not long ago concerning those who assembled to eulogise one of their number who had just departed into the great beyond. These are bitter words. It is conceivable that others than professional mourners may gather by the bier of the dead, to pay their last respects, to offer genuine and unselfish tribute to the work of him who has preceded them. And for those who love English poetry and care greatly for its future, there could be no more serious loss than the untimely taking off of Rupert Brooke, who promised to be a veritable Prince Rupert among the newer singers. Happily for us, his career, though short, was not marked solely by mere promise. There was performance, too. There were definite gifts that one is fain to believe will assure him at least a niche in our literature.

As one looks back now, he seems among those fated from the beginning. He was so avid of life and love and, yet, always so conscious of death. He sought to cram his career with sensations before the great silence put an end to things forever. He joyed in all beautiful objects, calling himself a great lover, his emotion being keyed to highest pitch just because of the premonition whose shadow never left his heart. He hurried from one experience to another—from university to the feverish delights of London town; from the world-centre to the dream-languor of the South Sea Islands; from those faery lands of the lotos-eaters to the strenuous, terrible scenes of the world war, finding death in the torrid sun of the Dardanelles in the service of his country. He is gone and his fresh, clear, young voice is silenced, stilled just when there was every prospect that his accents would not fall on deaf ears.

It seems but yesterday that his occasional verses, contributed to the magazines, were gathered in a little book of eighty-eight pages. It was but yesterday that one English reviewer spoke of him as an *enfant terrible*. And that, in some respects, he remained to the end. He was a vexation to those appraisers who are never happy unless they can label a man as belonging to this or that school. Brooke defied such classification. He refused to be ticketed. He was by turns mystic, amatory, realistic, sardonic, nature-loving, reverent, agnostic, charming, and coarse. His variety was bewildering. His book was full of surprises, and he was never dull. So modern in so many ways, he held aloof from the new schools of poets who made weird experiments in matter and manner. He had little sympathy with that class of verse-men who might well have said with the poet in *Gil Blas:*

"If this sonnet is hardly intelligible, so much the better, my friend. For sonnets, odes and the other poems which aim at the sublime, the simple and the natural are not adapted; all their merit lies in obscurity; it is enough if the poet thinks he understands himself. . . . There are five or six of us bold innovators who have undertaken to change the language from white to black."

Brooke in all modesty would have replied that a sonnet that was not intelligible was but a sorry affair. He would have stoutly defended the appeal of the simple and the natural. Feeling this way, he had no affinities with any of the

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little cliques. The nearest in point of time whom he sometimes resembled were the French decadents and, especially, Baudelaire. But it was a Baudelaire who had been given what the Frenchman never possessed,—a keen sense of humour. Moreover, it was a Baudelaire who had the eager curiosity, the weighty utterance, the massive phrase and daring metrical skill of old John Donne. As with Baudelaire and Donne, Brooke found a great attraction in charnel subjects. He dwelt often upon death and decay. The dust of the dead seemed always a sort of magic potion to him. Nor must it be thought the allusion to Donne is far-fetched. Brooke himself in some of his scarce essays wrote of the verbal magic and the grim subjects of Donne and John Webster.

He himself adhered strictly to the more or less approved forms. Occasionally he essayed choriambics or Dowsonian alexandrines, but, in the main, he employed the familiar English metres and, especially, the sonnet form and an octosyllabic verse rhymed in couplets. His mastery of the sonnet was accentuated by the element of surprise he cunningly managed to give in the sestet. It marked him as one of the few worthwhile sonnetteers of the present hour. For instance, there was daring in the last two lines of the following, and it was successful because of its charm, because of the manner in which it conveyed to the reader the adorableness of the girl described:

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
  Of watching you; and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
  Of the last land! There, waiting patiently.

One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind blowing,
  See a slow light across the Stygian tide,
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,
  And tremble. And I shall know that you have died.
And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,
  Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—
  Most individual and bewildering ghost,—
And turn, and toss your brown delightful head
  Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.

In *New Numbers,* that already rare compilation of poetry written by Brooke, John Drinkwater, Wilfrid Gibson and Lascelles Abercrombie, *á propos* of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, he had the following splendid sonnet whose last two lines, for their truth and their beauty, had about them the hall-mark of genius:

Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
  We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread
  Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,
  Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,
  Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;
  Think each in each, immediately wise;
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say
  What this tumultuous body now denies;
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;
  And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

And that brings us to another phase of his work. Brooke was torn between two moods. His reason told him there was no hereafter, that death ended all, that the faiths of men were subjects for pity or for laughter, but not for belief. On the contrary, as in the sonnet just quoted, we see what his heart would

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fain believe,—that death is not the end, that there is another life, that there is some fuller state of being. As representative of his agnostic mood consider this sonnet on "Mutability," also contributed to *New Numbers:*

They say there's a high windless world and strange,
Out of the wash of days and temporal tide,
Where Faith and Good, Wisdom and Truth abide,
Aeterna corpora, subject to no change.

There the sure suns of these pale shadows move;
There stand the immortal ensigns of our war;
Our melting flesh fixed Beauty there, a star,
And perishing hearts, imperishable Love....

Dear, we know only that we sigh, kiss, smile;
Each kiss lasts but the kissing; and grief goes over;
Love has no habitation but the heart.
Poor straws! on the dark flood we catch awhile,
Cling, and are borne into the night apart.
The laugh dies with the lips, Love with the lover.

But it must not be thought that Brooke was always thus solemn. He did not always descant upon grave matters. As broad satirist, as laughing philosopher, as confirmed pagan, hear him also in *New Numbers* discourse upon heaven from the standpoint of a fish, a creature whose world he was fond of portraying in highly imaginative and original verse:

Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond,
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud!—Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.

Brooke's moods were protean and it would be easy to make quotation after quotation to prove it. There were occasions when he produced nothing but dewy beauty as in the verses in which he gave a vision of his sweetheart's sleep, with nature keeping vigil over her; or those tender stanzas in which he sang of the day he had loved; or the song in which his sorrow was assuaged by a sight of the pine trees against the evening sky. There was a unique touch in his love poetry. He dreamed of the day he and his dear one will have mouldered into dust and then of that other day, long after, when one atom of that dust which was his and another that was hers, would meet and dance in the sunshine in some old garden where another young pair were enacting the same love-play. Thus far the verses moved with beauty. But from this point on they mounted higher and higher with a splendour and passion that took us back to an earlier day than this, when great singers sang of great things greatly:

Then in some garden hushed from wind,
Warm in a sunset's afterglow,
The lovers in the flowers will find
A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace; and, past desiring,
So high a beauty in the air,
And such a light, and such a quiring,
And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew,
Or out of earth, or in the height,
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,
Or two that pass, in light, to light,

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Out of the garden, higher, higher. . . .
But in that instant they shall learn
The shattering ecstasy of our fire,
And the weak passionless hearts will burn

And faint in that amazing glow,
Until the darkness close above;
And they will know—poor fools, they'll know!—
One moment, what it is to love.

To the lover and nature-worshipper there is always a mood in which fear and mystery enter and Brooke possesses the faculty of presenting this, too, in a few swift lines. For instance, he is climbing a hill, dreaming of one who is very dear to him, and all suddenly it comes to him she is dead, comes to him through the strange and unaccountable thrill in the dusk:

Gold is my heart, and the world's golden,
And one peak tipped with light;
And the air lies still about the hill
With the first fear of night;

Till mystery down the soundless valley
Thunders, and dark is here;
And the wind blows, and the light goes,
And the night is full of fear.

The Baudelaire strain in Brooke is shown in such ghastly, such brutal, such charnel-house things as "Dead Men's Love" and "Jealousy." Time and again he applied his realism and his satire, none too dainty, in a display of his hatred of German ways, German manners, and German sentimentalism, while in "A Channel Passage," a poem of seasickness, he quite forgot the cañons of good taste. "Menelaus and Helen" consists of two striking sonnets. In one he tells the old story of how Menelaus, at the taking of Troy, succumbed once more to Helen's beauty. In the second sonnet, Brooke, with ruthless realism, showed himself a student of the terrible ballades of Villon:

So far the poet. How should he behold
That journey home, the long connubial years?
He does not tell you how white Helen bears
Child on legitimate child, becomes a scold,
Haggard with virtue, Menelaus bold
Waxed garrulous, and sacked a hundred Troys
'Twixt noon and supper. And her golden voice
Got shrill as he grew deafer. And both were old.

. . . . .

So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
And Paris slept on by Scamander side.

It seemed surely that Brooke's next book must take him to the parting of the ways. If he cultivated his very great ability to write beautiful lyrics and sonnets, he would take a high place in the literature of his country. If he perversely gave rein to his tricksy desire at times for the coarse, the nastily realistic, the cheaply satirical, his would be a case of rich powers wasted, of unusual abilities lost to the abiding things of song.

But he never came to the cross-roads of his career. A seal was put upon him all suddenly. The call of his country rang in his ears. In his poet's vision he beheld where Englishmen

——poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth,

as he himself phrased it. And he heeded England's call for her youngest and bravest and best. He did it with his eyes open and with no delusions. His mood resembled that of the fated beings in a Greek tragedy. Like them, he knew his doom was upon him. He knew he was sacrificing life and all its sweets to whatever gods might be. He did not expect to come back. He did not believe he would survive. Gone forever were light loves and wandering in pleasant, faraway places. There was nothing left, save to pronounce the elegy of those departing—and then to depart.

And so it was. One of his last legacies was a series of five war-time sonnets, notable not only for their premonition of the end, but also for their

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beauty, their ability to touch the heart, their lofty patriotism. In saying hail and farewell to him, nothing could be more fitting than to quote this, one of the last things he wrote for *New Numbers:*

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

IN MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT RUPERT BROOKE

BY JOYCE KILMER

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
To-day the starry roof of Heaven rings
With Psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

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THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VII—PUTNAM'S AND THE NEW JOURNALS OF OPINION

THE ideal of a magazine which Lowell had attempted to embody in his *Pioneer* (the life of which was so brief that it might almost have been called the Minute-Man) found another incarnation in New York before returning, in the *Atlantic,* to its original dwelling-place. Still may be heard echoes of that joyful choir which hailed the establishment of *Putnam's Magazine.* This was in 1853—the year of the earliest forecasting ripple of the *Atlantic,* by the way. It took the Boston literati four years to persuade their publishers to make the venture, but either Putnam was rasher or the New York writers more eloquent—for the magazine was only six months incubating. And the month that saw it absorbed into *Emerson's* beheld its delayed twin just making an appearance. The race is not always to the swift!

All good periodicals go when they die, said Holmes, into the archives of the deaf, dumb, and blind recording angel whose name is Oblivion. But magazines which have lived ten times as long as *Putnam's* have been taken less frequently from their dusty shelves. "Many of the writers of the *Dial* are now connected with that successful and independent magazine, *Putnam's Monthly,*" wrote Mr. Frank Sanborn in the *Harvard Magazine,* 1855. "It is an approximation to the end for which the *Dial* was set up. When shall we have in New England a magazine which to the enterprise and briskness of *Putnam's* shall add the high purpose and rare genius of the *Dial?*" He seems not to have known that "the gnomon that should mark the full noon" (as Alcott pompously prophesied) was even then in the second year of its gestation. To that magazine long years afterwards, Holmes wrote in retrospect. "The *Atlantic* was still an experiment. *Putnam's,* owing its success largely to that very accomplished and delightful writer, Mr. George William Curtis, had so well deserved to live that its death was a surprise and a source of regret. Could another monthly take its place and keep it when that, with all its attractions and excellencies, had died out, and left a blank in our periodical literature which it would be very hard to fill as well as that had filled it?"

But all unaware has the present writer, as if with the pen of destiny, killed off the meteoric *Putnam's* ere yet it has fairly begun. He must return to its inception. This was due to "Harry Franco" Briggs. Like Underwood, he represented to the publisher that the time was ripe for a literary monthly of the highest sort, which should stand for American literature and should at the same time concern itself with public affairs; but, very different from Underwood, he could not point to an established literary circle on which he could rely. Instead—when Putnam had willingly listened to the voice of the tempter—a round-robin was sent out to American authors asking if they would give their support, and calling attention to the announcement that the magazine would be entirely original. Most of the replies were joyful, and commented significantly on the fact that as far as originality went there would be little domestic rivalry. The publisher said that he would pay for everything he used at the highest rate he could afford; and this he would raise as time went on. He hinted at his expectation that some of the magazine material would be

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available for books. Sauce for the goose, this had no doubt been sauce for the gander also; and there was also another inducement to the book-publisher to undertake the enterprise. The success of *Harper's* had shown that such a magazine could be utilised as the most effective advertising machinery to make known a publisher's list.

"Has not the long and dreary history of magazines opened our eyes?" questioned *Putnam's* of echo in opening. "Is there some siren seduction in theatres and periodicals that forever woos managers and publishers to a certain destruction? Why do we propose another twelve-month voyage, in pea-green covers, toward obscurity and the chaos of failures?" The answer to these questions was the same as it had been one hundred years before. "Because we believe the time is now ripe," and so forth. But, aside from this perennial ripeness of the times, there were two new bids for survival on the part of the young aspirant. The first was its quixotic determination to be original and to accept no man's goods without payment; the second was its intention to move nearer to life by the discussion of every-day affairs. For the former, the time proved, on account of certain local and foreign conditions, to be greener than it had ever been before. The latter attempt was less premature, yet it brought no fruitage of enduring subscribers to *Putnam's*. Indeed, for most of them it was an ideal which suffered the fate of the medlar—to become rotten before ripening. Few free-born American citizens had ever been willing to have their opinions criticised, and to pay for the pleasure was quite preposterous. It took them some years to learn to refrain from the inalienable right of cancelling their subscriptions at once. Of the welfare of these two confiding ideals, C. F. Briggs, when he opened the Second Series of *Putnam's,* had some interesting things to say:

> It is just fourteen years since we had the honour to assist in getting out the first number of *Putnam's Monthly.* We derive considerable satisfaction in remembering the cosy little dinner in a certain cosy house in Sixteenth Street, at which the plan of the work was discussed and the adventure determined upon. The little party consisted of Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, Mr. George Sumner, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. George W. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, and the present writer. Two of that little party are already gone; the rest remain to assist in the revival. The chief doubt in the minds of many was whether the country could furnish the requisite number of writers to sustain an original magazine of the better class, but the experiment proved there was plenty of latent talent which only required an opportunity for its development. Through certain misadventures the work stopped for a while, but anxious inquiries have constantly been heard as to when it would reappear. No one seemed willing to believe it had stopped for good. When the old *Putnam* furled its sails for a season, the *Atlantic Monthly* was launched and took the flood of public favour. In its build and trim was much that was most familiar to us. From the numbers of the first monthly seventeen books were printed, including Potiphar Papers and Prue and I. Fourteen years ago it was considered an act of harikari for a popular periodical to express a political opinion, particularly if it was adverse to the "peculiar institution" of the South. But we ventured upon it without any particular harm coming of it, and we shall probably try it again. Certainly, we have no desire to publish a magazine for readers who are too feeble to endure a candid discussion, now and then, of political subjects. One serial used to be considered sufficient for an English magazine; no magazine ventures now to have less than two. American readers are accustomed almost entirely to foreign works of fiction, but we shall publish none but stories of native production.

At the end of the first volume, the editors stated that they had received from voluntary contributors four hundred and eighty-nine articles, the greater part from writers wholly unknown be-

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fore. From them they had selected some of the most valuable papers they had published. Every article had been paid for at a rate which their writers thought "liberal," all were original, and, with one exception all, they believed, had been written for the magazine. For volume two they had as many as nine hundred and eighty articles to choose from, and they had had the good fortune to introduce some young writers of promise. This number was doubled for the fourth volume, and there could be no longer any doubt that abundant native literary support could be found for an American magazine. But literary support was by no means the only thing to be considered. The publishers stated that they were fully aware that in a country where the choicest works of foreign genius are to be had for the taking, to found and sustain a magazine at once universal in its sympathies and national in its tone, was not an easy task. But the position of *Putnam's,* they felt, was now assured.

"PUTNAM'S" AND "HARPER'S"

No reader of this announcement could have failed to recognise the point of this allusion. "*Harper's* had for the two years since it had been started been almost wholly a reprint of English current literature," says Scudder's Lowell, "and even its cover was a copy of *Bentleys.* It had, however, struck a popular taste, and its success made other publishers jealous, while its easy use of foreign matter made the men of letters angry." *Putnam's* had little to say of the "scissors and paste-pot magazines" except as they made its own position precarious. It exhibited commendable restraint even when *Harper's* published three months after its original issue in *Putnam's* an American story which had been copied without credit in *Eliza Cook's Journal,* of London. Certainly the incident afforded a tempting occasion—as did *Littel's Living Age,* when it republished Longfellow's "Two Angels," appropriated in the same way by *Bentley's*—to remind the public how the reprint magazines kept their eyes shut to all that was going on in America. But upon this latter subject—having a mind of their own and speaking it—*Putnam's* prided itself very much; and here it did venture to proclaim disapproval of its rival. As Curtis was writing for *Harper's Monthly,* sketches and social notes, and had The Lounger in the *Weekly* when he was associate-editor of *Putnam's,* it may be guessed that he was ambidextrous; in this instance, at least, he must have kept from his right hand the knowledge of what was going on in the neighbourhood of his left. In March, 1857, appeared this interesting article about the periodicals of the rival house.

When *Harper's Magazine* was commenced, it was in pursuance of a shrewd perception that the time and the country demanded and would readily support a periodical of higher character than what were termed the "Philadelphia magazines," which were, to speak generally, simply repositories of silly love stories, rhymes, and fashion-plates, with occasional poems from our best poets, which served as corks to float the rest of the freight to market. *Harper's* was the rod that consumed all these creeping things. It was compiled with such tact from the stores of current literature furnished monthly by the English periodicals; it was so copious, so various, and so entertaining, and took the field with such an air of confident triumph that a much inferior magazine would have succeeded. The very first numbers were so clean and handsome and prompt and bright that the rivals retired and the "Philadelphia magazines" lost their exclusive prominence. The secret of its popular success is that it just keeps pace with the popular mind; consequently it had no opinions, no politics, no strong expression. The same good sense and shrewd perception also saw that the unprecedented success of the *Illustrated London News* showed conclusively that the public liked pictures, and that careful illustrations gave an increased value to every descriptive article. Instead, therefore, of old fashion-plates and Rosalie and Sweet

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Seventeen and the Belle of the Ball-room there were two or three elaborately written and capitally illustrated articles. The American people had always taken the anti-British view of Napoleon—and the most illustrious contribution to Harper has been the literary apotheosis of Napoleon, wherein for scores of successive numbers that eminent saint was delineated in all the details of his humility, piety, and unswerving devotion to the welfare of mankind by the Reverend Mr. Abbott. This combination of piety and military glory coinciding with the prevailing partiality of American readers, confirmed the triumph that was already achieved. *Harper's* reached a fabulous circulation. Probably no periodical in the world was ever so popular or so profitable. It had ably done what it proposed to do. It was a result to be regarded in some degree with national complacency and pride, because it was undoubtedly much superior to the class of periodicals it supplanted.

But there was a remarkable other side to this phenomenon. It sought to be universally acceptable, and its complaisance inevitably destroyed its force; it was known to be largely compiled from foreign literature and consequently it was considered to be no representative of American talent. It was therefore no leader, no friend, no critic, no censor. It was good-humouredly called the Buccaneer's Bag, Abbott's Magazine, the Monthly Corn Plaster, the Universal Shin-Saver, the Monthly Nurse. But everybody bought it and read it and everybody was sure that nothing decided or impolitic, no laugh at anything that everybody did not laugh at, would be concealed anywhere between its fair yellow covers. It risked no popularity by trying to step ahead and to furnish something a little more marrowy. It was still felt that the intellectual independence and movement of the country had no organ; and from that conviction in due season sprang *Putnam's Monthly.* In a retrospective view of our literature of the last three or four years, it seems to us very evident that the first immediate effect of the success of *Putnam's* was to naturalise *Harper's.* That magazine ceased to be a second table of the English periodicals and became gradually more and more American. But rather in subject than in treatment; its spirit was still timid and hesitating. Every month it made its courtly bow; and with bent head and unimpeachable toilet, whispered smoothly, "No offense, I hope!" The inevitable penalty was that with the greatest circulation in the world, it could not make the smallest literary reputation. It was managed with profuse generosity—probably literary labour of the kind was never better paid than it has been by Harper—but when the author had pocketed his money, he might as well have pocketed his article. Yet elsewhere it might have made a literary mark. *Harper's* still flourishes with unabated vigour. It still bows and avoids. Their new weekly periodical commences with more chances of pecuniary success than any weekly ever undertaken in America. But already the spirit of the paper is manifestly that of the magazine. In the war of the roses it is sure that a great deal may be said for white, but then it believes there is much to be urged for red. Whenever unanimity of public opinion may be assumed, then *Harper's Weekly* cordially agrees with the public.

Nevertheless, Stedman thought that *Putnam's,* even in the line of "opinions," left much to be desired. He wrote to his step-father in 1857 begging him to come back from Italy and establish a Republican Review, saying that nine out of ten of the reading public were republicans and had no magazine to represent them. *"Putnam's* is Republican, to be sure, in distinction from other journals, but it does not fling out much of a banner and is not sustained in its mental calibre—is alternately sensible and foolish, light and heavy." Lowell, on the other hand, thought Briggs was a trifle too disposed to consult the opinions of the majority. "I doubt if your magazine," he wrote, "will become really popular if you edit it for the mob. Nothing is more certain than that popularity goes downward and not up; and it is what the few like now that the many have got to like by and by." What called forth this letter was the editorial disposition to pay attention to the com-

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ments of the readers upon the contents of the magazine. In this respect possibly Lowell might have been somewhat prejudiced. To an early number he had contributed some facile satirical verse which rambled along for two hundred and fifty lines in a clever and uninteresting way. It was intended to become another "Fable for Critics." Briggs had written him that readers hoped they would not be treated to another instalment. "Of course I am sorry that Our Own has not succeeded," replied Lowell. "My counsel is not to print any more of it. That it should be damned is nothing. I could print it, as Fielding did one of his stupid farces, with 'as it was d——d in *Putnam's Magazine*.' But I could not bear to have you go on publishing it to the detriment of the magazine, merely out of friendship for me."

"In 1853," writes Mr. George Haven Putnam, "no such heavy outlay was required to place a magazine upon the market as has proved to be necessary in these later periods of magazine competition. My father told me he actually made no cash investment other than the payment to the authors for their contributions for the first two months. The receipts from subscriptions and sales proved to be sufficient, before the time came for the settlement of the bills of the printers and paper makers, to provide the necessary resources for these. The circulation of the magazine during the four years of its existence ranged from twelve to twenty thousand. What was called the normal price for the earlier contributions was $3 a page. The more important men received $5, and contributions of a special character were paid as high as $10. Of poetry not very much was utilised, but such verses as were accepted (mainly for the purpose of filling up any blank half-pages) were paid for at from $10 to $25."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Briggs made an able editor, but the success of *Putnam's* owed to the personal charm of Curtis almost as much as the *Atlantic* later owed to Holmes. "He gave," said Scudder, himself a seasoned editor, "that distinction of lightness and flavour which every literary magazine covets but can rarely command." This all the world could see, but its readers did not know that they had him to thank for keeping it, after it passed into other hands, as near to its original high standards as circumstances would permit. Nor did they know that he was furnishing in his own conduct an example of that fine and quixotic endeavour which from the beginning had characterised the magazine. Curtis was a special partner of Dix and Edwards, who bought out Putnam's rights; he took no part in the management and yet had some pecuniary responsibility. When the firm failed in 1857, Curtis sacrificed his private fortune to save the creditors from loss and managed by 1873 to recoup them.

But the excellence of his written work and its popularity all recognized. And the proof of this was the frequency with which it was claimed by others. For the plan of printing articles without names landed them in the familiar predicament of having unsuspected authors pop up everywhere. About Potiphar Papers they published quite a correspondence. The gentleman who insisted that a deceased friend had written them must have been somewhat taken aback when he was told that "one of our editors, Mr. Blank, claimed the authorship for himself." The exquisite pen of this editor opened the new series with a gay and tender reminiscence.

> One bright day and long ago—it seems to me now that it must have been soon after the war of 1812, but on reflection I discover that it was in 1852—I was dining with Mr. Harry Franco at Windust's in Park Row. Mr. Franco asked me what I thought of the prospect of a new and wholly American magazine, and immediately proceeded to set forth its possible character and brilliant promises so fully and conclusively that I knew he was prophesying and that before many months a phœnix

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would appear. Now in the following autumn after the other dinner—for it is a beautiful provision of nature that literary enterprises of great pith and moment should be matured under the benign influences of good eating and drinking—I found myself consulting, in a bare room in a deserted house in Park Place, where nobody could find us out, with Mr. Publisher Putnam, Mr. Harry Franco, editor-in-chief, and Mr. Parke Godwin, associate editor, upon the first number of *Putnam's Monthly*. Our council chamber was a third story front room in a doomed house near to Mr. Putnam's headquarters. It was a dwelling house, and as fashion had at last flown even from Park Place—the spot below Bleecker Street where it lingered longest—the house was patiently waiting to be demolished and make way for a "store." Every day we met and looked over manuscripts. How many there were! And how good! And what piles of poetry! The country seemed to be an enormous nest of nightingales; or perhaps mocking-birds—certainly cat-birds. I can see the philosophic Godwin tenderly opening a trembling sheet traced with that feminine chirography so familiar to the editorial eye, and in a hopeful voice beginning to read. After a very few lines a voice is heard—methinks from Franco's chair: "Yes, yes; guess that's enough"—Walter di Montreal, thy hour has come, and the familiar chirography flutters into the basket. I suppose that Mr. Franco and Godwin and the poor fellow who was snuffed out by Mr. Brown's brief remark (that he didn't know the person who had written about Mrs. Potiphar of "Brown's society") might fill many pages with their recollections of the pleasant cradle-and-crib days of the young *Putnam*. Those three were the monthly nurses. They saw that infant phenomenon safely through his prodigious childhood, and how rapidly he obtained his growth! There are books in good standing everywhere, which I can never see but with the feeling of the pedagogue toward his pupils. *My* boys, sir, *my* boys! he remarks with complacency as the famous poets or travellers or novelists pass by. . . . How this latest born into the monthly world springs and sparkles! Ah, Mr. Franco, if it is not our child, let us submit and believe it to be our grandchild. May heaven bless you, young stranger! Forgive an old-fashioned benediction, but may you be a better man than your father!

The father had gone down, like so many good men and true, in the panic days of 1857. At least, in the euphemistic language of magazine announcements, *Putnam's* espoused *Emerson's* in October of that year—and it was never more true that "a young man married is a young man marred." It then came out that Putnam had sold the magazine some time in '55. The *Round Table* in a series of articles on the publishers in 1866 said that the amount paid to Dix and Edwards, who bought it, on Putnam's own offer, was eleven thousand dollars. And it had paid him a liberal profit while he published it. Many readers did not know that Putnam had relinquished it at the end of its fifth volume, and consequently were somewhat mystified at the absorption, especially when they were editorially assured that the magazine had doubled its circulation in the past three months. "*Emerson's* with his honest and manly bearing," ran the announcement, "has grown so rapidly, and on several occasions so outgrown his tailoring, that it has been a little difficult to keep up with his length of limb." But vital statistics in magazines are always roseate, and though it was true that the youngster had changed his name four times recently and was to do so once more, the alliance—which many people thought unholy—was not to prosper. The publishers pledged themselves to devote every dollar of profit for three years to improving the magazine—a rash oath, for it lasted but one. Thus *Putnam's* made, in the eyes of the world at least, a rather inglorious end. Even before it openly became *Emerson's,* it had greatly petered out. But the two and a half years that Putnam had it were illustrious. It not only cut a dash but it made an epoch in our magazine literature. Tentative as its policy may seem now, it was the first popular magazine

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to take so vigorous a stand upon the living questions of the day. Furthermore, it had announced that it was going to be American and original; and it had kept its word. For this we still owe it a great debt of gratitude.

None know better than our own authors what discouraging disadvantages the publisher of an original American magazine must contend against in being obliged to compete with the unpaid British productions, which are reproduced here almost simultaneously with their publication on the other side of the Atlantic. And while this unequal contest between the publisher who filches his matter and the one who pays for it almost prohibits the possibility of profit to the latter, the American author guages his demand for compensation by the standard of his British brother. But we are touching, perhaps, on private rights by these allusions. The commercial value of any article depends on what it will bring in the open market, and by that test we will be governed in the question of pay.

THE NEW "PUTNAM'S"

Thus ran one of the editorials in the first number of the New Series, 1868. In their announcement of what might be expected, they stated that they did not intend to delude the public by paying for the use of a name. They were now going to publish names, it is true (though only in the Contents), but experience had taught them that young and fresh writers whose names have no commercial value are both the least expensive and the most beneficial contributors to a magazine. "Many excellent friends who have favoured us with their sage advice, have strangely insisted that it will be useless to expect good contributions without good pay. As though a publisher or an editor were likely to have missed this special lesson in his dealings with authors! One veteran author by way of enforcing his views on this subject demanded a retaining fee of five hundred dollars as an earnest of future payments for whatever he might furnish. But there are two sides to this interesting question of pay. In order that a publisher should pay, he must himself be paid." Authors, indeed, were growing cocky. Mr. George Haven Putnam in his Life of his father said that on account of the three new magazines started about the same time—*Scribner's, Lippincott's,* and the *Galaxy*—the competition for the most important contributors became more serious than that for subscribers. Authors who in the day of the first *Putnam's Monthly* had been content with from three to five dollars a page now secured from ten to twenty, and for special contributions much larger sums. His account has many items of interest.

Among the literary plans which engaged my father's first attention in again taking up his publishing business (after the war) was one for the re-establishment of *Putnam's Magazine.* The conditions seemed to be in certain ways favourable for the experiment, but it proved that the new wealth was very largely in the hands of people not interested in literature. The book-buying conditions of the South had of necessity been destroyed by the war. A very considerable portion of people in the North who had been buyers of books were no longer able to indulge in such luxuries. There were the people who had fixed incomes; incomes payable in the legal tender of the day were materially curtailed. The *nouveaux riches* who had made money out of shady contracts or from pork speculations could not easily be reached by the publishers of standard literature. This seemed to give an opening for a magazine.

The new *Putnam's* started off as illustriously as the old. The reputation of the former magazine for a time seemed likely to be regained and maintained. E. C. Stedman and R. H. Stoddard did the department Literature At Home; and Bayard Taylor covered foreign literature. All did their work in a way that occasioned admiration and added prestige. But times had changed very much since Putnam had started his earlier magazine on no cash whatever. Not only were authors demanding more

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money, the public were demanding illustrations. These in the first *Putnam's* had been promised as a treat for the second year. They proved, however, to be few in number and mostly architectural; and the following year, illustrations other than architectural were entirely confined to the first instalment of the Early Days of George Washington. But what had been a luxury then was a necessity now. The competing magazines were making large outlays for illustration. The First Series had paid, under Putnam's management, $12,819 to editors and authors and $3,000 for illustrations; and thus had proved a practicable undertaking with a circulation ranging from twelve to twenty thousand. The Second never exceeded fifteen thousand, and Putnam considered that with the resources at his disposal it would not be wise to continue. The following "card" marked the valedictory:

A few words may be expected from the Publishers in closing this second series of *Putnam's Magazine,* and in introducing the new periodical which will take its place. This magazine was very generally and very kindly welcomed. We have the right to infer that the new series has, during the last three years, given general satisfaction. It has had a larger circulation than several of its contemporaries at home, and much larger than a dozen of the English magazines whose names have been familiar for many years. Yet it is more and more evident that popular taste calls for something *different;* it may be higher or lower or better or worse. But those who pay their money have a right to the choice. We have aimed to produce a magazine *wholly* ORIGINAL and essentially American. We have avoided all temptations to *reprint* from foreign magazines, or to cater to anything merely sensational. In this we may have been Quixotic; but the aim at least was fair. The best material sent us—out of 3,035 mss. in three years—has been printed in the six volumes now completed. Our contributors have all received their pecuniary compensation. We wish it had been a great deal larger; but we may state our *relative* reward thus:

Dr. To Cash paid contributors.... $30,000
Cr. By compliments to publishers.. ? ? ?
By profits on outlay of $100,000. o o o

By Balance—?

We now ask those who have expressed a friendly appreciation of the "pea-green" to permit us to introduce its better-looking successor. Retaining an interest in the sale of the new work (our edition bearing the name of *Putnam's* as well as *Scribner's*) we ask our friends and correspondents to continue their subscriptions to us, in reasonable confidence that they will receive the full equivalent for their money. In addition to the illustrations afforded by the new magazine, there will be an infusion of fresh energy into the editorial management and a large accession of well-known and capable contributors.

The remainder of Mary Clemmer Ames's serial story was sent free to all paid subscribers. The new editor was to decide as soon as possible in regard to using the accepted manuscripts, and those rejected would be returned (chilling disappointment!). In the first number of *Scribner's* was this announcement: "*Hours At Home,* whose unpretending dress and suggestive title had grown familiar to the eyes of many thousands, died—not of disease, not of old age, not of decay—died simply that *Scribner's Monthly* might live. *Putnam's,* which has embodied in its pages the old Knickerbocker culture and prestige together with the free spirit of American progress, dies a month later, or rather merges the gathered resources of its life in the new magazine. The two have made their way to this change with the conviction that such changes have occurred in the popular demand that a great success is not possible if sought only by the old means and methods." This was very handsome editorial language on the part of Dr. Holland; for when he wrote a retrospect of the magazine eleven years afterward, he said that *Hours At Home*

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was both worthless and moribund, and as for *Putnam's,* "when Mr. Putnam came to us with an offer for it, we acceded to his conditions, though I have forgotten what they were, and it was soon quietly left behind with the other." Another sun was rising and already yesterday's magazine was old-fashioned.

For *Putnam's* in spite of its new and progressive idea of handling public questions, had upon it the large shadow of Irving. (It even counselled Melville to read his Addison! Not that Melville didn't need advice, heaven knows; but it would be difficult to devise for his staccato temper a more ludicrous misfit than the undulating Addisonian phrase.) And there was much of the conscious Knickerbocker superiority and deliberate Knickerbocker exclusiveness about it. Perhaps if *Putnam's* had lived to grow up, we should have seen how one good custom could corrupt the world. As it is, it wears the charming halo of those generous high-souled companions of our youth who were destined to die young —and each year to become more admirable thereby. There were those who deemed *Putnam's*—in spite of the fledgling authors it was so proud of—entrenched in its clique. It is amusing to hear Stedman, who had greatly contributed to maintain a closed shop, bitterly complain of the *Atlantic* in this respect. "Would finish the poem for the *Atlantic,* did I suppose they would take it from me," he wrote to Bayard Taylor in 1865. "Sometime I must get an introduction there, through a kind word from *you.* What bad poetry they occasionally print. You furnish apparently all their *good.*" The year before he had recorded in his diary: "Finished 'Holyoke Valley.' Here now is a poem which I *know* to be artistic and full of feeling—equal to anything which the *Atlantic* has published for months. But I cannot send it there, because they have time and again refused the best productions of New York writers. Last summer they sent back *the best* short poem I ever wrote, 'The Test,' afterwards printed in my book and copied everywhere. So I must send it to the *Round Table,* where the impersonal rule hides the author's name and where it can reach but a limited audience. An American, New York poet sings against the wind."

"THE ROUND TABLE" AND "THE NATION"

These quotations date in the arid stretch between the two oases of *Putnam's.* During part of that period the only good literary paper in New York was the *Round Table,* a weekly of distinguished tone and bright, forceful writing. A literary friend wrote to Stedman in 1864; The *Round Table must* not go down. For God's sake, if Boston can support a literary journal, cannot New York? Your wealthy men must be made to feel that the literary honour of the great city is at stake, and if she totters prop her good legs." The *Round Table* did not starve to death until 1869, but like *Putnam's,* she suffered, in the optimistic phrase of Briggs, an "interruption" for a little over a year. Its editorial outlook was similar to *Putnam's.* That magazine was saying in 1870: "Our own box is crammed, but the most of it is not good or good in such an indifferent way as to be quite as bad as bad. Nor is it for want of talent it is not better. But our writers want independence, individuality. They seem to be afraid of something or somebody and do not trust their personality. Then again, there is such a manifest absence of care, of study, of labour, of painstaking accuracy in what we do." Four years earlier the *Round Table* had made the same plea for more conscientious devotion to thorough work, and some boldness and power.

What are American writers doing to-day? The vigour and originality that promised a new era at the close of the war are lost already in nerveless twaddle. The leading monthly of the country vainly strives for a new and distinctive series of articles, but is compelled to fall back upon a Biglow paper, Hawthorne's private note-books, and a story

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written on the other side of the water. The leading review seeks purchasers by publishing sensational articles upon bar-room dailies, which its editors freely admit they cannot endorse. Two literary monthlies, promised to appear, dare not make the venture, mainly because it is well-nigh impossible to procure worthy literary matter. The literary field was never so barren. Meanwhile Sylvanus Cobb, Mrs. Southworth, and Mrs. Stephens are having a boundless opportunity. Disgrace to our scholars and authors! A good writer can make a handsome competence in this country.

The charge of slovenly authorship by both of these periodicals was well sustained, doubtless; but there was a reason why *Putnam's* should have found young writers "afraid of something or somebody and afraid to trust their own personality." They were all trying to cram themselves into the Knickerbocker mould which, though judiciously followed, was still Putnam's pattern. And the flowing draperies of the Knickerbocker garment resembled the voluminous military cloak of the period—it was a fine thing to pose in if one had a figure for posing. What the youngsters of the day were afraid of was not filling it out well enough for Putnam's standard, and so they padded to suit. This editorial in the *Round Table* was answered very pertinently (however personally) by a correspondent. What new authors have lacked, he said, is editorial sympathy; they have had precious little of it since the days of *Graham's* and *Sartain's*.

In spite of these publications containing the best efforts of the established authors, the way was not barred to an untrained one and real talent had always a welcome. When Sartain gave up his enterprise and Graham withdrew, a great change came about. No longer having the stimulus of editorial encouragement and good pay, some ceased writing altogether. The New England writers went back to write for New England publications. The New York men of letters soon gravitated to sets. A few men of merit formed among themselves a kind of free masonry of authorcraft and seized upon *Putnam's Monthly* as their special property and kept out all but the brotherhood. *Putnam's* failed as it ought to have failed; and likewise the weeklies conducted by these other sets. *You* are almost alone in volunteering editorial encouragement and proper reward to new pens. What chance has an unknown correspondent in *Harper's Monthly, Weekly, Independent, Atlantic?* A few pens only are used and paid for. If he is bold enough to venture on romance, he is informed by Harper's suave editors that both *Monthly* and *Weekly* are more than preoccupied by foreign writers. Where else can he go? To the New York *Ledger,* the New York *Mercury,* the New York *Weekly,* to the Philadelphia weeklies; just where he will *not* go if he have any self-respect left, but just where many *have* to go who are constrained by their wants to find a market. Or if perchance *Harper's* do accept a brief story from an American pen, the reward is about one-tenth of what is paid the British writer for mere advance sheets. It is, as you know, considered an editorial favour to permit papers of a literary aspirant to go to press, for which he is supposed to be grateful.

This perennial accusation, never entirely true in the very worst of times, seems to have been truer then than generally. For we hear the complaint echoed, as just now in Stedman's letter, by the most established of writers. It must, however, be remembered that self-respect, especially that of writers, is of variable elasticity. Stedman, though he said at this period that a married man could not live on magazine work if he wrote night and day, refused to write eleven poems for the *Independent* at one hundred dollars each—he had too much self-respect to make a grist-mill of himself! Yet while he was writing to his mother in 1864 that literature was at a stand-still in America—paralysed by the war, though all other arts and trades were thrifty, the *Round Table* was saying: "In these days even the small fry of authors who live from hand to mouth find far less difficulty in keeping up a

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pleasant intercourse between the two." Furthermore, tastes differ as widely as consciences. In 1866 Stedman wrote to Lowell: "I need not tell you how much the best readers in New York have been interested in the new series of the *North American Review*. We all feel like the audience of an opera when the gas is suddenly turned up. In New York quite a literary revival has followed the happy close of the war—you know we have the *Nation* and the *Round Table,* such as they are, well written-for and poorly edited. Then we are to have at least two new magazines this spring, of a respectful cast, and perhaps three. I fear that, as usual here, our publishers and writers will so *divide* their energies that we shall have three tolerable affairs instead of one first-rate and standard." To say nothing of the fact that there were many people in New York calling themselves the best readers whose pulses were quite unstirred by the prospect of a new series of the *North American,* Stedman and Lowell (who might have agreed exactly upon the latter's beneficent ministries for the Boston magazine) differed decidedly about the *Nation* established by Godkin in 1865. Stedman said the first number was rather heavy, and in 1867 he wrote: "The *Nation* is cheaper than ever. The magazine man in his complacent stupidity has a laborious genius for saying precisely the wrong thing, as regards poetry." Lowell, on the other hand, wrote thus to Godkin in 1868: "Its discussions of politics have done more good and influenced more opinion than any other agency, or all others combined, in the country. For my own part, I am not only thankful for the *Nation,* but continually wonder how you are able to make so excellent a paper with your material. I have been an editor and know how hard it is. . . . I shall write from time to time till I think we are square. What Fields pays me, I doubt if anybody else would." Three years later he wrote: "You are the only man I know who carries his head perfectly steady, and I find myself so thoroughly agreeing with the *Nation* always that I am half persuaded I edit it myself."

Thus we again return to the point of union between these divergent doctors —for if Lowell thought the man who agreed with him had a steady head, Stedman in 1868 was proposing to Ticknor and Fields to scatter the energies of New York writers still further by a literary journal of which *he* was to be editor. Having gone vainly so often to the *Atlantic,* he was now trying to get an *Atlantic* to come to him! It was a neat little irony which the whirligig of time had played upon one of the leading exponents of interurban jealousy.

He and Bayard Taylor were enthusiastically interested in the welfare of the *Galaxy,* a monthly established in 1866, edited by friends of his "who are doing their bravest to establish a New York magazine, and ought to be helped and encouraged by New York authors." To this, Taylor sold many poems of a new friend of his from the South, Sidney Lanier, and got better prices for his intercession. Lanier had brought his first considerable poem, "Corn," to New York himself but had gone home unsuccessful, convinced "of the wooden-headedness of many persons who were leaders there in literary matters." The *Galaxy* lasted a dozen years—a high class magazine which left no particular mark deserving of notice here, but a boon to "self-respecting" authors—and then (cruel fate for any periodical in which Stedman was interested!) died and entered into Nirvana, the *Atlantic,* in 1878.

The *Round Table,* 1866, in commenting on the great increase in periodicals since the close of the war, summed up the situation, "Many of these new periodicals were trashy to the last degree; some were simply rehashes of the English weeklies; a few were honourable attempts to elevate the standard of literary taste. The era of weekly journalism has fairly begun in this country. Of the weeklies started last year three or four appeal to intelligent people, and these still have vitality." It is strange

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that any literary man in New York should have failed to see that the *Nation* and the *Round Table* marked the beginning of a better era. Each was the exponent—in the words of the latter periodical—of a high-class, high-toned, and well-written weekly, which believed that people were something more than grown-up babies unable to digest anything more solid than Sylvanus Cobb's romances and Fanny Fern's tart paragraphs, but would listen to a serious discussion of serious topics from a purely American point of view and without scissors or paste-pot.

"I used to try hard," wrote Mr. W. C. Brownell in the semi-centennial number of the *Nation,* "to think the *Round Table* a real rival." Nevertheless, both were seeking to do the same thing—to cultivate a spirit of reasonableness, to express trained and cosmopolitan judgments upon American life and literature. The criticism of public men and public movements had always been personal and partisan, in each case provincial and undiscriminating. Both were trying to give the educated man a voice in the periodical press. Before their advent, and that of *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic,* he had no place to go. Either the audience that he could address was already committed to follow a policy through thick and thin—and demanded that he do likewise; or it barred out any expression of opinion as being likely to disturb the fellowship of the gentlemen there assembled. With the decline of the lyceum lecturer just before the war, the old method of shaping popular thought on public matters had disappeared. The growing supremacy in politics of purely material interests made it all the more necessary that popular thought should be directed by independent judgments and in an unpartisan vehicle, particularly as the partisan press was largely given over to glib and gushing writers who rarely imparted their own opinions and never inspected them in the light of other people's.

The attitude of independent judgment on the part of a periodical is now frequently encountered, even though its practice far less frequently carries out its promise, but in that day the assertion of such an attitude was cynically revolutionary. As for the admission that national characteristics and international prejudices might distort judgment, the idea was no less than treasonable! To this last accusation the nationality of the editor of the *Nation* supplied many a frenzied period. Even in Boston, it was said at a dinner table where mature minds were gathered together, "An Englishman might be fit for the kingdom of Heaven but not to edit an American periodical;" and British gold was at its favourite occupation of supplying capital to undermine American ideals. This last in spite of the facts that the financial embarrassments of the *Nation* were unfortunately public property and that the paper was constantly experimenting with changes in make-up in the endeavour to keep afloat. It was generally believed that the end was a foregone conclusion. No matter how "uncommon its gift to make serious inquiry attractive" (in the pat phrase of Mr. Howells), an independent periodical, criticising life and literature from only the highest standards of morality and taste and with no other popular appeal than this, could not long survive. That the *Nation* should have started off with as many as five thousand subscribers is remarkable. On this subscription list it sustained itself, in spite of bad business management, without profiting by patronage or puffery. Lowell (that unpatriotic person!) said that in this regard it was the solitary American journal worthy of respect; and Charles Eliot Norton ("without whose aid," said Godkin, "I could never have been successful") capped the climax by expostulating with America in its seditious columns for being satisfied with half-way men and half-way achievements. Not even in the old lyceum days, when such unpartisan opinions as people heard were expected to wear the fiery garments of oratory, had

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any one ventured to proclaim the home of the free the paradise of mediocrity! It raised a rumpus. But the traitors who read its inspection of American ways and institutions somehow took its point of view after the first gasp, and then went forth to make similar nuisances of themselves. At high-water mark there were twelve thousand traitors in all, somewhere about its fifteenth year; but each felt himself commissioned to a high calling and remembered that the success of Saint Paul had largely come about from his talking out of season as well as in. "To my generation," wrote William James, "Godkin's was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation."

Now, it is necessary—if we would estimate the influence of these three New York periodicals and their Boston neighbour—to emphasise the fact that all this expression of independent judgment in crisp and quiet accents was something quite new. The *Nation* itself provides an amusing illustration of this. Calling attention with unwearied reiteration to the independence of its opinion, it nevertheless had not ventured to put from harbour without a flag. It intended to furnish "earnest and persistent consideration of the labouring class at the South with a view to the removal of all artificial distinction between them and the rest of the population." And if its consideration lacked anything, it was not persistence. Edward Everett Hale somewhere speaks of the old war-horse abolitionists casting anxiously about for another crusade —most of them polygamously embraced woman's suffrage before the breath was well out of the body of their first spouse. Godkin, later in one of his letters, naïvely indicates the same necessity. "The newspapers all began now to look about for a cause, and in bethinking myself what the United States seemed to need most in this new emergency, I bethought myself of a reform of the civil service." Thus the natural-born free-lance is ever boastful of the freedom which frets him, and ever provoking the inevitable yoke. At least, so it was in the glad days when independent opinion first tried its wings—the day of the foot-loose reformer and the migratory muck-rake was still unborn. *Putnam's,* ere its brief second life was sped, saw popular magazines which once deemed it indiscreet to hold opinions, scramble for some to exploit; and Godkin chided even George William Curtis in his later editorial chair for upholding principles which as a private citizen he did not believe. The era of opinions or nothing was dawning.

As for literature in the *Nation,* it did not lag behind life. It insisted on impartial and informed judgment of books. This was as new in the literary world as the other in the political and social. Mr. Henry Holt says he still remembers his surprise and enlightenment at their sending a book for review to a man who was supposed to have some special knowledge of the subject. Such a thing, he thinks, had never been done before in American journalism, except spasmodically by the *North American* or the *Atlantic.* Furthermore, the publishers had been used to having everything that was not glaringly ignorant or immoral gently treated, if it was not praised. They did not know what to make of the *Nation's* strange ways, and it educated the publishing trade as well as raised the standard of literary criticism. "Then we used to feel if a book was pitched into it was because of personal feeling against the author or the house. The *Nation* was the leader in the policy of without fear and without favour."

Thus, the period of social responsibility had set in for periodicals; and, as was to be hoped and expected, it replaced the ideal of moral responsibility —under which they had so long led a pallid and mincing existence, when it was their stupid boast that "everything in the slightest way offensive even to the least fastidious would of course be ex-

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cluded from these pages." Another race had come, it is true, and the war had fortunately killed off many age-worn notions and substituted for them others nearer to actuality and commonsense. But it was *Putnam's* that, along with its quixotic attempt to make a native literature, had paved the way for a magazine which, retaining the urbanity of the Knickerbocker school, should concern itself not only with literature but life.

Only one other aspect of the era may detain us here. We quote from a *Round Table* of 1867.

A magazine has long been known as among the useful adjuncts to the business of a larger publishing house, and it would seem that it is now becoming recognised as an indispensable appliance of any whose operations are on a grand scale. Already there are in our three publishing cities fourteen of the book-publishing firms which among them issue twenty-one periodicals, varying in grade from quarterly and professional or scientific reviews to weekly and juvenile journals, a majority of which have come into life within a very short time. Besides these are New York branches of three London houses publishing eight magazines, and rumour says four more of our publishers are to give us new monthlies. The magazine mania—for it is scarcely less—prevailed in England for many months before it appeared here. That Messrs. Putnam and Lippincott will do well with their new monthlies is a matter of course. It is clearly out of the question that a book-publishing house of repute and large business connection should find a periodical otherwise than remunerative. That the taste of the public for literature has grown as well as its appetite is attested by recent successes which a few years ago could have found no sustaining clientage. There is one measure of paramount importance that must be hastened by this literary revival. Magazine-writing will become little less than a profession, a new class among us, and its members must be paid. Publishers will thus be forced to secure protection through an international copyright.

The facts of this editorial are, as usual, more impressive than the opinions—which well illustrate the futility of prophecy. Putnam, as we have seen, did not do well with his new monthly; and it was many a weary year before some publishers who were then doing well without an international copyright found the need of one become imperative.

"No successful magazine can be published out of Philadelphia," croaked the owls when "Harper's" was established. But not only was it the most successful magazine the world had ever seen, but it is the only one of its day which survives (always excepting the ancient and honourable "North American Review," whose life so often had been but a sleep and a forgetting). Beginning as a reprint magazine, within a few years it published as many American articles as its numerous English serials left it room for. It was a considerable period, however, before the leading American writers felt themselves represented; and for this reason we hear very few familiar chirps of satisfaction over the early "Harper's" in their letters. The magazine announced itself as caterer to the family circle, and, true to the traditions of a popular magazine, did not venture to disrupt it by having any opinions. But from the very start it began to work a revolution in magazine illustration, and in other particulars it relinquished one by one its conservatisms, until it reached a level of catholic excellence it would be difficult even to suggest ways of improving.

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FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR

BY JULES BOIS

No other event could have exerted upon French literature an influence comparable to that of the present monstrous phenomenon, a world-wide war, and more especially a war between France and Germany. It is an influence felt by publishers and authors alike, by the ideas and sentiments, the schools and tendencies, not only of the present but more especially of the future. In this necessarily brief study, I shall find it difficult, in the case of a people so intellectual as the French, to avoid identifying the national awakening with creative literature. The first fact to establish, and a rather brutal one, is that of the cessation, in a certain sense, of the production of true literature, a cessation following brusquely upon an over-production that was out of proportion to the demands of the French public.

Up to the month of May, 1914, books poured forth in such numbers that the booksellers were over-burdened and sometimes even refused to unpack the consignments received from certain publishers; many of the latter had given themselves over to a sort of speculation, always disastrous to authors of real merit and to serious publishers; they published "at the author's risk," in other words, at the author's expense, works that often did not have sufficient value to attract and interest purchasers. The chief aim was to keep alive certain small publishing enterprises, and more especially to gratify the self-conceit of the amateur writer, eager to see himself in print.

This steadily mounting flood of mediocre if not worthless productions was often harmful to writers of real talent. The over-burdened critics no longer knew what to think or what to write. Too often they chose from the pile the book that first came to hand, at haphazard, or else the one insistently recommended by some one of journalistic or social influence. I can speak of this rather delicate question from personal experience. As a critic on the *Annales,* and possessing, by habit and training, a scrupulous desire to discover true talent and give due recognition to writers who have already won their laurels, I have often found myself extremely embarrassed, and sometimes badly cornered. When young beginners called upon me to talk of their "youngest born," which was often also their "first born," I hastened to advise them to adopt some other career than that upon which they were entering with such simplicity and imprudence. The war has added a conclusive argument to such advice.

In a land like France, where every one, or nearly every one has a more or less complete degree of refined culture, it is necessary rather to discourage than to encourage literary ambitions. In the first place, because those who truly feel that they have something to say, far from weakening in the face of obstacles, will find on the contrary an opportunity for greater effort; and secondly, because those whose vocation is not firmly established, should be saved from failures and disappointments that would otherwise surely follow. As secretary of the "Committee of the National Travel Fund" (*Comité de la Bourse Nationale do Voyage*), and selected by the French Government to act with a certain number of my colleagues to choose each year an official prize, either for a poet or a novelist, I found my task steadily becoming heavier, since my conscience kept driving me to the formidable task of trying to read everything. This not only interfered with our own personal

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production and our serenity of mind, but in spite of all we could do, it was impossible to give sufficient time to works deserving serious consideration. Besides it rarely happened that an author rose conspicuously above his competitors. A sort of average level had been established, and we had the greatest difficulty to form a judicious choice.

This war, detestable though it is, will have at least the happy consequence of proving to innumerable authors that there is something better to do than to confide to paper their little sentimental histories or their dreams, that are far oftener mere echoes of earlier reading than personal creations. To live life to the full, even at the risk of life, is surely better than endlessly to dissect one's emotions and find an empty pride in one's own fantasies, especially when these fantasies happen to be of no interest to anybody but the author. As for the authors of real worth, they will fortify their characters, and give new life and youth to their talent, whether in the heat of action itself or through contact with those who are bearing the brunt. Already what we are here prophesying is being accomplished.

Here is an almost complete list of the most important books which have appeared in France since the beginning of the war: *Germany against Europe,* by Francis Charmes, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes; The Great Hours,* by Henri Lavedan; *The History of the Germain Invasion,* by General F. Canonge; *Paris during the War,* by Fernand Laudet, editor of the *Revue Hobdomadaire; The Prince of Germany,* by Charles Foley; *Human Sacrifices,* by Mme. Isabelle Debran; *The Frontier of the Rhine,* by M. Savarit; *The Offerings of the Wounded,* verses by M. de Montesquiou; *The Night Watch,* by Mme. Marcelle Tinayre; *Bleeding Belgium,* by Verhaeren; and lastly, *Along the Glorious Path,* by Anatole France.

The very titles of these books indicate clearly the nature of the preoccupation to which the authors have given themselves up. In any case it will be sufficient to cite a few lines from the preface of the volume by the Belgian poet Verhaeren,—for in these days Belgium and France are united as much in thought as in language,—in order to understand the patriotic and humanitarian feeling that animates this war-like literature:

> To the author of this book (writes Verhaeren) amazed at finding himself taught how to hate, when only yesterday he lived a pacifist, no disillusion could have been greater or more sudden. It was such a blow that he could no longer believe himself the same man. Nevertheless, since his present state of hatred has resulted in a hardened conscience, he dedicates these pages, with keen emotion, to the man that he used to be.

The fact is that this war has brought all writers, big or little, face to face with grim reality; it has tested ideas by contact with experience. Many chimeras have vanished or are vanishing; complications of style, useless affectations, verbiage without ideas, artifice, are doomed to disappear; obscure sentiments will be clarified; and on the other hand, sane ideas and sentiments such as have their true source in the human soul, and which nourish courage, faith and serious and fertile Idealism, will once again attain the foremost place, indeed, have already attained it in the few books which have been able to be issued. Even those who formerly attacked the foundations of society are now learning that the Mother Country is a reality, that it is only through this Mother Country that we can attain humanity. Individualism, eccentricity, unmorality, succumb, for the great lesson of the war is to reveal the law of sacrifice, and through that same law to reveal to writers their liberation from the restraints of special schools, certain conventional attitudes,—to the end that they may adopt a freer, higher ideal in common, a clear, robust, humaine mode of expression. Nothing is more moral, and at the same time more artistic than such a simplification of life and thought.

This does not mean to say that the war may deprive French literature of

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its qualities of originality, charm and tenderness. I believe on the contrary that the public would quickly weary of volumes devoted solely to themes of war, and which searched to perpetuate and to exploit a taste for battles and for the picturesque details of military life. Aside from a few masterpieces, the birth of which I hope to see, and which will be rare, as all masterpieces are, I imagine that the only sort of volumes to which readers of especially warlike taste will choose to direct their emotions and their curiosity, will be in the nature of authentic and in a certain sense scientific history of this formidable tragedy. For the rest, the best among us, even while enduring the tragic and painful present, will hope to find in pity, as opposed to the cruelties of brutal force, and in pure and lofty love, as opposed to the abject manifestations of hate, their source of inspiration, and the renewal of a literature, which even in times of peace was already striving in France to bring to mankind a greater degree of vitality and hope.

Meanwhile, the French men of letters, who have only too often been injustly suspected in other countries, of lightness, immorality, or egoistic individualism, have proved, with irreproachable simplicity, modesty and zeal, that they possess a sense of duty, and are ready to practice that highest of all virtues, devotion to the Mother Country, especially when that Mother Country is defending the cause of all humanity and has become the champion of the world. They have lived through a new *Chanson de Roland,* ampler and more complex. There is to-day no longer any schism, even in appearance, between art for art's sake and social duty. Our artists are not judged as exceptional beings, labeling as a "prejudice" what others regard as an obligation. The honour of French literature, its highest glory, and quite rightly the origin of its future greatness will spring from the fact that French men of letters hastened to the field of battle, perhaps with even more ardour and renunciation than the other classes of society, the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, the proletariat. Those who have disappeared will well deserve the monument which the Academy has promised them, and which is to be called the *Tomb of the Poet.*

There is a little sheet now published in France, very economical of phrases, notwithstanding that it is entitled *Bulletin of the Authors of 1914-15.* This bulletin is not for sale. It is sent free of charge to all men of letters serving with the army. It is made up solely of information that has already appeared in the columns of a daily evening newspaper of high standing, the *Intransegeant,* edited by M. Léon Bailby. The bulletin is published by three young writers, René Bizet, Formand Divoire, and Gaston Picard, with the assistance of their colleagues. It is issued monthly. It contains very laconic articles upon the most important men of letters who have fallen on the field of battle, it gives also certain extracts from "Army Orders," concerning poets and other writers, whether killed, wounded or those who, still surviving have distinguished themselves for unusual valour. What a discussion from the Byzantine discussions of yesterday or the day before, and the pretentious and often malicious little literary reviews sitting in judgment on veteran masters and budding geniuses, and publishing prose and verse all too often bizarre, perverse and obscure! The great Napoleon would have loved these four pages of the *Bulletin of the Authors of 1914-15,* which in their narrow limits contain more heroism, inspiration and emotion than the bulkiest volumes issued before the war.

Shall I recall the best known of those among us who have died confronting the enemy? Charles Péguy, editor of the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine,* and author of a *Joan of Arc,* which won him a *grand prix* from the Academy; Ernest Psichari, grandson of that genius of doubt, Renan, and himself a hero of faith; the charming poet, Robert d'Humières;

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Guy de Cassagnac, eminent journalist and subtle novelist; Claude Casimir-Périer, son of the former president of the Republic; Paul Acker, an Alsacian, who even before the war had succeeded, through the popularity of his writings, to stimulate the national spirit. There are too many, even among the most important, to make it possible to cite them all. They must be counted by the hundred.

Prior to the brutal aggression of the Germans, invading Belgium and our northern departments without warning, these same men of letters were all, like Verhaeren and Anatole France, gentle and peace-loving, enamoured of beauty and civilisation and harmony. Many of them, in spite of the smarting wound of 1870, felt an intellectual sympathy for Germany. Some even strove to do away with what they thought were nothing more than misunderstandings between the two nations. To-day the hard school of the trenches has taught them that if they sinned, it was chiefly through excess of generosity. These high-strung men gave proof of splendid self-control; they did not cry, "On to Berlin!" they did not dream of useless conquests; they were neither trumpet blowers nor trouble-makers. But when the moment came to defend the Mother Country, not one of them hesitated, not one trembled, not one considered his life and his talent as more precious than the life and talent of the humblest of his obscure comrades. They fought or they fell without emphasis and without complaint; and marching over the faces of the brothers whose eyes had closed but whose example is immortal, may our victorious troops bring deliverance to our land, soiled by barbarian armies.

Before the war we were divided into numerous schools, which to-day a common patriotism has already abolished. Some of us sang of nature, others of the intimacy of life; this group wrote without conviction popular novels full of manifold and improbable intrigues; that group lost themselves in the labyrinths of minute psychology, fatiguing and confused. Life stagnated in all these schools, because the great emotions were slumbering in the delights of a prolonged peace which perforce debilitated character and will.

It was above all the religious and social problems that separated these loyal adversaries into two principal camps. The two chiefs of these two phalanxes were, on the one hand, M. Paul Bourget, and on the other, M. Anatole France. Paul Bourget long ago rallied to the Catholic faith and the monarchical ideal; Anatole France is in a certain sense an agnostic, and he has pushed the revolutionary doctrine to a sort of anarchy. The one stood for a strong nation, organised to recover not only our lost provinces, but also our old traditions at home and our prestige abroad. The other likewise wished for France a world-wide prestige, but based above all upon an international idea of revolt against all forms of despotism and prejudice. He strove to relegate all religions to the past, and suspected obscurantism to be lurking in every military initiative.

To-day they are banded together against a common enemy. None the less, in Paul Bourget's articles, which are soon to be gathered together in a volume, and also in those by Anatole France, which have just been issued under the title of *Along the Glorious Path,* we can already discern the divergences which are destined to manifest themselves after the war in the intellectuality of France. The first group, like Paul Bourget, will proclaim that, above the idea of liberty, the principle of authority must be exalted, and that religion is an indispensable element of regeneration and force among nations. The second group, with Anatole France at their head, reacting against the abominations of war, will turn once more against militarism, under the pretext that militarism has shown itself above all Prussian; and they will see in social or religious dogmas the veiled origin of future conflicts.

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These two parties have always existed, from the beginning of time. The immediate interest of national defence, combining this time with the highest ideal of humanity, has brought them together for the moment; but they will separate again. They will combat fiercely, without suspecting, or, rather, without being either willing or able to suspect, in the heat of the discussion, that it is not the ideas that are dangerous and destructive—ideas of authority or of liberty, which are contradictory only in appearance—but the fanaticism and the blindness of men who use these standards in order to dissimulate and to exalt at one and the same time their impotence, their erors and their weaknesses.

For my own part, I dream of a third party to be created in France, among men of intellect, which I would call "the party of the conciliators," and which should have a sufficiently strong sense of liberty to admit that this liberty should be extended to every one, even to those who are not libertarians. Literature shall be at once classic and romantic, that is to say, faithful to traditions, and accepting all that may enrich and renew it. Religion and free thought, which have led their votaries to fraternize upon the battlefield, ought, even in times of peace, to accord equitable concessions, and inspire equally beautiful books. And since patriotism has for once risen superior to political quarrels, why should not that moment be perpetuated, at least among men of letters, in memory of the great lessons of history? In short, I would like to see the sentiment of sacrifice, so magnificently manifested to-day, continued so as to be the centre not only of all French activities, but more especially of our national literature. We must remain united on the great principles of art as well as morality, and to leave to the individual, cured of the malady of individualism, the right and the duty of developing, according to his own personal character, those eminently national virtues, which the war has not created among us, but has merely aided to make better known to the world at large.

What can in any case be predicted, without the need of prophetic gifts, is that for several years to come the great sentiments will happily be in fashion, and that, according to the phrase of Maurice Barrès, "the Eagle will soar above the Nightingale." Yes, the epic poem will be preferred to the elegy, heroic tragedy to the comedy of manners, the romance of crowds and the book of ideas to frivolous adventures. And we are to witness a reawakening of a literature in which Love will be rehabilitated, purified and restored to its highest functions, which are, to lead the human soul upward to the heights, without, however, losing sight, as Maupassant would have it, of "the humble truth" of life.

FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

We shall begin this month's Mail Bag with a very interesting letter—there is no apparent clue to the identity of the writer—a letter which we call to the attention of other readers of the magazine with the hope that they may be moved to further suggestion:

As an enthusiastic subscriber to The Bookman I wish to appeal to its columns for help with a problem too large for me. I have two children very nearly large enough to begin wishing for a wider range of reading than they are now permitted. I do not want to restrain them in this, but I find myself practically helpless to place that broader list before them. I have always selected their reading, and have formed their taste for the books that count, Stevenson, Scott, Mark Twain, Dickens, Lamb, and others. But now what they need is a library where they can exercise their own choice. Will you please publish some time

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in the near future in THE BOOKMAN'S columns a list of books for a small but comprehensive library. I feel your work would be well repaid, not only by my gratitude, but I know of many people by whom such a thing would be thankfully received. Please help us to give our children what we did not have ourselves,—enough books and the right kind.

We can promise our correspondent such a list, probably in the form of a special article on the subject, in one of the next two or three issues of the magazine. Our correspondent has neglected to say whether the two children in question are boys or girls, quite an important point. Many years ago THE BOOKMAN asked an American writer and an English writer for lists of what each considered the twenty best books for boys. We are reprinting those lists. The American's was:

Westward Ho!	Charles Kingsley
Ivanhoe	Scott
Phaeton Rogers	Rossiter Johnson
Treasure Island	Stevenson
The Spy	Cooper
Tale of Two Cities	Dickens
Hoosier School Master	Edward Eggleston
Hans Brinker	Mary Mapes Dodge
The Prince and the Pauper	Mark Twain
Tales from Shakespeare	Lamb
Boy's Froissart	Lanier
Wreck of the *Grosvenor*	Clark Russell
Henry Esmond	Thackeray
Silas Marner	George Eliot
Ben Hur	Wallace
Two Years Before the Mast	Dana
St. George and St. Michael	George McDonald
The Wonder Book	Hawthorne
Historic Boys	E. S. Brooks
Little Women	Alcott

In submitting those titles the American said that he had considered them "from the advisor's standpoint, yet from the boy's standpoint also," and added that he had included *Little Women* because it was one of the few "girls' books" that all boys will read even if they do it on the sly or in a corner. Here is the Englishman's list:

Treasure Island	Stevenson
Kidnapped	Stevenson
Dead Man's Rock	Q
Tom Cringle's Log	Michael Scott
Michael Strogoff	Jules Verne
Beric the Briton	G. A. Henty
The Battery and the Boiler	Ballantyne
The Three Midshipmen	Kingston
The Jungle Books	Kipling
Tom Brown's School-Days	Thos. Hughes
Westward Ho!	Kingsley
David Copperfield	Dickens
Pickwick	Dickens
Lorna Doone	Blackmore
The Pirate	Scott
Ivanhoe	Scott
The Talisman	Scott
The White Company	Doyle
Robbery Under Arms	Boldrewood
The True Story Book	Lang
The Story of the Iliad and the Æneid	Church

II

A letter from Philadelphia:

Will you kindly tell me the name of the third novel of a trilogy by Arnold Bennett, the names of the other two being *Clayhanger* and *Hilda Lessways*. At the end *of Lessways* a third novel was announced, which would deal with the married life of the Clayhangers; but I have never been able to identify this book.

You will, no doubt, recall the character in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*—one Mrs. Slipslop, who had a talent for murdering the spoken language. Remembering that *Joseph Andrews* was written nine years before Sheridan was born, does it not seem strange that

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this peculiar twisting of the language should be called a *malapropism.*

The title of the third novel of the Arnold Bennett trilogy is *These Twain.* It is scheduled to come from the press of the George H. Doran Company, November 6, 1915.

III

From Stamford, Connecticut:

A question occurs to me which I have wanted you to answer in THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag if possible. In concrete form it is: What do you consider economy in reading?

For five years I have been trying to keep up with modern fiction and it seems so hard to choose the right authors. My time is limited and yet often I find myself reading trash because I either don't know the authors or I have followed some one else's criticism. Sometimes I've tried reading the best sellers as listed in THE BOOKMAN and again I have found much that is not worth reading.

How do you pick from the mass of fiction that is being constantly put on the market? If you could offer some little help, it would be appreciated.

We are very much afraid that we can offer no certain short cut to the achievement of economy in reading. Although there are more writers doing creditable work to-day—or at least there were until a year ago last August—than at any period before in the world's history—even the elimination of all books except those written by authors of established reputation will not bring positive assurance of quality. To find a novel in THE BOOKMAN lists means no more than that it is a "best seller." There has never been any attempt or intention on our part to obscure this. We should say that by reading fifteen or sixteen books a year, a dozen of them American or English authors and the rest from Continental sources a man could keep up adequately with modern fiction. With such a limited list discrimination should not be difficult.

IV

From Hinsdale, Illinois:

Perhaps you will help me to find the title of a story I read in a magazine some years ago and for which I, with the assistance of several librarians, have searched in vain.

The magazine, I think, was *Harper's,* the title was remembered as "His Son," which I am told is not correct.

The story began and ended in a court room, the prisoner standing before the judge while he told his story of counterfeiting that he might have the money to give his children better opportunities than he had enjoyed. His punishment came not in arrest and imprisonment, but in his children's discovery of his methods and their request that he should teach them to engage in his work. In the background of the court room sat the son of the judge.

I will be so glad if you can locate this story for me.

Although we do not seem to remember this particular story it bears strong marks of family relationship to François Coupée's *Le Coupable.*

V

From Santa Monica, California:

Will you please give me a list of the six greatest living novelists of England as stated by foremost critics?

To a large extent a matter of opinion. All such lists would certainly include the names of Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and Henry James, now that the last named has become an Englishman. In the matter of the other three places there would probably be a great deal of difference of opinion. Various critics would urge the claims of such writers as J. M. Barrie, Maurice Hewlett, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Lucas Malet, Anthony Hope, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, and others.

VI

From Pendleton, Oregon:

In the February number of THE BOOKMAN Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in his article "On the

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Trail of Stevenson," speaks of the elaborate war game which Stevenson and his stepson developed to amuse themselves. I have read considerable of Stevenson's way of amusing himself and, of course, have read of the war-game before, but I have not been able as yet to find quite a complete description of these amusements. Will you kindly tell me where it is that Mr. Osbourne described this game in detail or the other methods these two playmates used in odd hours? It may be that I have overlooked some article of Mr. Osbourne's or some book by him in which these things are touched upon. A reference to this in THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag will be greatly appreciated.

If Mr. Hamilton were at hand we should refer this question to him. We have an idea that the story of the elaborate war game played by Stevenson and his stepson had not appeared in print before it found its way into Mr. Hamilton's narrative. Mr. Osbourne and Mr. Hamilton have long known each other and very likely Mr. Osbourne was moved to the reminiscence when they were talking of R. L. S.

VII

In the March issue of THE BOOKMAN there were some paragraphs about James Hay, Jr., the author of *The Man Who Forgot,* in the course of which there was an allusion to an article by Mr. Hay on the subject of "The Gentle Art of Not Selling a Play." A correspondent in New York City writes to ask if this has been published in book form or if it was an editorial in some magazine. While we are not certain on the point, we have an idea that the sentence referring to Mr. Hay's article was not to be taken literally. He had had some discouraging experiences while attempting to produce a play and had jotted down notes poking fun at the whole wire-pulling system by which dramatic productions were arranged. He told the story of these notes to his publishers and the publishers told it to THE BOOKMAN. Hence very likely the allusion.

VIII

In the April issue we printed the poem read by Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell at the dinner of the Harvard Alumni of Waterbury and the verses written in retort by Dean Jones of Yale. Dr. Bushnell's lines were:

I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God.

Dean Jones's counter was:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the truth and the light,
Where God speaks to Jones,
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

A correspondent from Bronxville, New York, who in the course of his letter takes occasion to write some very pleasant words about THE BOOKMAN, offers this as the authentic version of the lines read by Dr. Bushnell:

I am from Massachusetts,
The land of the sacred cod,
Where the Adams's snub the Abbotts
And the Cabots walk with God.

IX

From Amherst, Massachusetts:

In the April issue of THE BOOKMAN there was a surprising statement about Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The discussion had dealt with *The Valley of Fear* and then with the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Holmes was criticised for the "ludicrous" height of prudence with which he mentioned the name of this society, inasmuch as he had looked cautiously around beforehand and lowered his voice. The incident occurred in "The Five Orange Pips." Now, in my book I find no mention of a wary look before speaking of the Klan. Holmes has been discoursing and ends: "In this way you see K. K. K. ceases to be the initials of an individual and becomes the badge of a society." "But of what society?" "Have you never," said Sherlock Holmes, bending forward and sinking his voice—"have you never heard of the Ku Klux Klan?" And

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you term that "ludicrous," Mr. Editor? What a pity that you cannot be answered by a sarcasm from Mr. Holmes. But how much greater pity that you have criticised him unfairly and that you apparently fail to grasp the subtlety of Dr. Watson's literary excellence! Here they are in their own apartment and Holmes lowers his voice because of tremendous discretion! Actually, he does it for no such reason but merely for dramatic effect. Surely there are evidences enough of his love for the dramatic. Just to show that I am not unaware of the matter about which I write, allow me to quote from "The Adventure of the Speckled Band": "Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly around his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion. 'The band! the speckled band!' whispered Holmes." Please note "whispered Holmes." To speak frankly, I think your magazine tries very hard at times to find some little flaw in the writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Its eagerness is somewhat amusing but also, in reaching too far, decidedly unjust to Doyle. In particular, he deserves admiration for the delightful way in which he leads up to a climax and preserves the dramatic.

Yes, we are keenly conscious that THE BOOKMAN has wickedly discriminated against certain authors and characters. So little attention has been paid in these pages to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, O. Henry, Thackeray, Dumas père; to Sherlock Holmes, Mrs. Rawden Crawley, Tartarin of Tarascon, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan!

X

A correspondent who gives no address by which we could address him or her writes asking for the whereabouts of Mr. Barry Benefield, expressing much appreciation of that writer's *Daughters of Joy* and *Nobody Ever Met Her*. Yes, *Daughters of Joy* was a good story but, without disparaging it, it was simply Guy de Maupassant's *La Maison Tellier* written backwards. Mr. Benefield, is, we think, with the *Century Magazine,* 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

XI

From Richmond, Kentucky:

On page 152 of the April BOOKMAN appears this statement: "The tale of the parted lovers, as Longfellow received it, came to Hawthorne and through him to his illustrious brother-in-law." Was Longfellow's second wife a sister of Hawthorne? I did not know that this was the case. The first wife, I believe, was a Miss Appleton of Boston.

In September, 1831, when he was in his twenty-fifth year, Longfellow married Miss Mary Potter, of Portland, Maine. She died in November, 1835, at Rotterdam, Holland. The Longfellows had left their home and gone to England the previous April. They had spent the summer in Denmark and Sweden and had proceeded to Holland in October. In June, 1843, Longfellow married Frances Appleton, daughter of the Honourable Nathan Appleton, of Boston. He had first met her in Switzerland, the year after his first wife's death. In July, 1861, the second Mrs. Longfellow lost her life in a fire. Hawthorne was married to Miss Sophia Peabody in July, 1842. She died in 1871, surviving her illustrious husband by seven years. Hawthorne and Longfellow were close friends and from the former's lips the poet first heard the tale of the Arcadians, but they were related by no stronger tie than that of friendship. As a matter of fact that friendship did not come until later life. Although they had been class-mates at college no intimacy existed between them in the early years. When Longfellow reviewed *Twice Told Tales* in the *North American Review* Hawthorne, in writing to thank him, addressed him as "Mr. Longfellow." Even in a more formal day it was hardly customary for a man to address a class-mate with whom he had been on terms of any kind of intimacy as "Mr."

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ART

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Art is a flaming mistress,
  Jealous, proud, and elate;
Deep in her heart is heaven,
  Deep in her mind is hate.

Never, never forsake her!
  The ways of her love, who knows?
To-day, she is thine forever;
  To-morrow, forever she goes.

Not hers the tragic ending—
  To nobler loves she fares,
Nor turns for a last swift parting,
  Remembers not, nor cares.

IS DRAMATIC CRITICISM NECESSARY?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is now no longer in dispute that there has been in the past score or two of years a striking revival of the drama in the English language and that there are to-day British and American playwrights who write plays which are worth while,—plays which are both actable and readable,—plays which often deserve and which sometimes even demand serious critical consideration. This revival has necessarily resulted in calling attention to the present condition of dramatic criticism in Great Britain and in the United States. In a period of dramatic productivity dramatic criticism has an indisputable function and is charged with an undeniable duty, both to the aspiring playmakers and to the main body of the playgoing public. We cannot help asking ourselves whether our dramatic critics rightly apprehend their function and whether they properly discharge their duty; and to these pressing questions the most conflicting answers are returned.

Some there are who insist that it is hopeless to expect the desired outflowering of dramatic literature in our language to take place so long as our dramatic criticism is as inadequate, as incompetent, and as unsatisfactory as they declare it to be. Others there are who take a more tolerant view, holding the public itself to be at fault for the existing state of things and who therefore believe that we are now getting dramatic criticism quite as good as we deserve. Few there are who venture to deny that there is room for improvement,—although no two of these agree in their suggestions for bringing about a bettering of present conditions. In the multitude of these counsellors there is darkness and confusion.

Perhaps there is a dim possibility of dissipating a little of this dark confusion by an analysis of the exact content, which we discover in the term "dramatic criticism,"—and then by a further inquiry as to whether our customary use of the term is not misleading. "Dramatic criticism" to most of us con-

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notes the newspaper reviewing of the nightly spectacles in our theatres. Plainly this was the meaning of the term in the mind of Mr. Howells years ago when he declared that "our dramatic criticism is probably the most remarkable apparatus of our civilisation" and that it "surpasses that of other countries as much as our fire department. A perfectly equipped engine stands in every newspaper office, with the steam always up, which can be manned in nine seconds, and rushed to the first theatre where there is the slightest danger of drama within five minutes; and the combined efforts of these tremendous machines can pour a concentrated deluge of cold water upon a play which will put out anything of the kind at once."

There is no denying that this use of the term by Mr. Howells is supported by custom. Yet it is distinctly unfortunate, for if the newspaper comment upon the novelties of the stage is to be accepted as "dramatic criticism," then what term have we left to describe the more piercing and the more comprehensive discussion of the first principles of the art of playmaking which we find in Francisque Sarcey and in George Henry Lewes, not to go back to Lessing and to Aristotle? It is equally unfortunate that there is an equivalent inaccuracy in bestowing the title of "literary criticism" upon the newspaper comments upon the current books, for if this journalistic summarising is to be accepted as "literary criticism" then what are we to call the exquisite evaluation of favourite authors which we find in Henry James and Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve?

Of course, it is always idle to protest against the popular use or misuse of words and terms and phrases. The people as a whole own the language and have a right to make it over and to modify the original meaning of words. If popular usage chooses not to distinguish between two very different things and to call both of them "dramatic criticism" there is no redress; and yet it is impossible to discuss the problem of dramatic criticism except by trying to separate the two things thus confounded. Therefore, for the purpose of this inquiry only and without any hope of changing the accepted usage, I make bold to suggest that "play-reviewing" might be employed to describe the notices written in the office of a newspaper, notices necessarily prepared under pressure and under strict limitations of time and space.

These newspaper notices are sometimes careless, they are sometimes perfunctory, and they are sometimes cruel; and occasionally they are careful, conscientious and clever, done with a dexterity worthy of high praise when we consider all the conditions under which it is displayed. But even at its best play-reviewing cannot attain to the level of true dramatic criticism, more leisurely in its composition, larger in its scope, and more discriminating in its choice of topic. The play-reviewing of the daily journal is akin in aim to the book-reviewing which has for its purpose the swift consideration of the volume in vogue at the moment. In our morning and evening papers the book-reviewing and the play-reviewing are both of them necessarily up-to-date, in fact, up-to-the-last-minute. To be contemporaneous, instantly and imperatively and inexorably, is their special quality, and their immediate purpose; it is the reason for their existence and the excuse for their being.

Here it may be well to cite again the oft-quoted confession of the late Jules Lemaitre, writer of volume after volume, in which he adroitly discussed the leading men of letters of his own time and of his own country: "Criticism of our contemporaries is not criticism—it is conversation." Now, conversation may be a very good thing; indeed, when it is as clear and as sparkling as was Lemaitre's it is an excellent thing; yet he was right in admitting that it is not criticism since it could not but lack the touchstone of time, the perspective of distance, the assured application of the eternal standards. And play-reviewing

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like book-reviewing cannot be anything but conversation about our contemporaries. It may descend to chaff-like chatter about the writers of the hour and to empty gossip about their sayings and doings; or it may have the sterner merits of brilliant conversation at its best. But it is not really criticism in the finer sense of the word; it cannot be; and one may go further and say that it ought not to be criticism, since true criticism is more or less out of place in a newspaper, because the abiding object of a newspaper is to present the news, with only the swiftest of commentaries thereon.

The final distinction between literature and journalism is to be sought in their diverging and irreconcilable objects. The desire of the former is for permanence and the aim of the latter is the immediate impression. When literature triumphs it is for all time,—more or less. When journalism most completely achieves its purpose its success is temporary, to be retained only by iteration and reiteration, since it has for its target the events of the fleeting moment. If we admit this distinction between journalism and literature, we have no difficulty in discovering journalism in many places other than the daily and weekly papers; very properly it fills the most of the space in the monthly magazines and even in the quarterly reviews; and it abounds in our bookstores, since only a small proportion of the volumes which pour from the press every year possess the combined substance and style, the solidity of matter and the delightfulness of manner which lift mere writing up to the loftier level of literature.

On the other hand we may find literature of inexpugnable quality not only in the magazines but also now and again in the newspapers. Drake's "American Flag" and Kipling's "Recessional" appeared in daily journals, and so did Sainte-Beuve's literary criticism and Lessing's dramatic criticism. But these were but happy accidents; and the great newspaper editor has never striven to make his journal a persistent vehicle for the publication of literature. He feels that this is foreign to his main purpose; and he is content when his editorial articles and his news stories are vigorous and picturesque—clean, clear and cogent in their English. He knows better than any one else that it is not by its external literary merits that newspaper-writing is to be judged. What he wants above all else is the news, all the news and nothing but the news,—accompanied, of course, by the obligatory comment this news may deserve. He needs editorial writers, reporters and correspondents, not men of letters, except in so far as these men of letters may have accepted the special conditions of newspaper work.

Now, criticism whether literary or dramatic, is a department of literature, dealing with the permanent and having little to do with the temporary. It demands qualifications very rarely united, —insight, equipment, disinterestedness and sympathy. So far from being easy criticism is quite as difficult as creation, —more difficult indeed if we may judge by its greater rarity. In a superbly creative period there are sometimes three or four distinguished poets, friendly rivals, almost contemporaneous; and even at such a time there is rarely more than one critic worthy to be companioned with them. Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides followed one after the other; and in time the sole Aristotle came forward as their critic. Corneille and Molière and Racine laboured side by side; and only Boileau was competent to interpret and to encourage them.

When it attains to the serene plane of Aristotle and Boileau, of Lessing and Coleridge criticism is actually creation. "The critical faculty as applied to the masterpieces of literature, and still more the critical faculty as applied to the art of literature itself, is akin to the creative faculty of the artist,"—so Professor Mackail has told us. "It does not deal with letters as something detached from life, but as the form or substance in which life is intelligibly presented. Its

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interpretation is also creation." But the criticism of dramatic literature which is also creation, is possible only when the critical faculty is applied to the masterpieces of dramatic literature; and nobody knows better than the play-reviewer that masterpieces of dramatic literature do not present themselves frequently and that they cannot be acclaimed as masterpieces until they have stood the test of time. And this is why a critic-creator would be out of place on the staff of a newspaper, daily or weekly, whether he was assigned to deal with the drama alone or with literature at large.

The necessary task of the book-reviewer or of the play-reviewer is not criticism of the creative kind, since for that he is always likely to lack material. His task is humbler even if it is honourable; it is to report upon the novelties of the day and to inform the readers of the newspaper as to the nature and the merits of these novelties. His work is essentially reporting, even if it is reporting of a special kind calling for special qualifications. The connection of the drama with the show-business is intimate; and it always has been. There was not infrequent utilisation of purely spectacular devices even in Shakespeare's plays and in Molière's; and at no time in the history of the theatre has there failed to be an abundance of pieces the appeal of which was mainly sensuous—to the eye and to the ear, rather than to the emotions and to the intellect. While the drama is an art and perhaps the loftiest of the arts, the show-business is a trade. This is no new thing,—although ignorant idealists often declare it so to be, and although it may make itself a little more obvious at one time than at another. What confronts us is the condition of things as they are, not the theory of things as they might be.

There would be occupation for a dramatic critic, who was also a creator, only if our theatres were presenting in rapid succession a sequence of masterpieces, tragedies of austere power, comedies of searching satire, social-dramas of piercing suggestion. But this is not the case now here in the United States in the twentieth century; and it never has been the case anywhere or anywhen, not even in Weimar when Goethe dominated the ducal theatre. In our playhouses we are proffered our choice of Shakespeare and Ibsen, Pinero and Hauptmann, Henry Arthur Jones and Augustus Thomas, Barrie and Gillette, Sardou and George M. Cohan; and at the same time we are invited to choose between *Trilby* and the *Celebrated Case,* melodramas and farces, summer song-shows and ultra-contemporary reviews, alleged comic operas and terpsichorean spectacles. Most of these latter exhibitions do not demand or deserve criticism of any kind; but they need to be reported upon like any other item in the news of the day.

If this is the case, it might as well be recognised frankly. There is always advantage in seeing things as they are, in fronting the facts and in looking them squarely in the face. Sooner or later some one of those in charge of our metropolitan newspapers will perceive the possibility of a change of method. He will charge one of his staff with the supervision of the theatrical news, the announcements of new plays, and the personal gossip about the players; and he will authorise this editor to send competent reporters to all first performances, directed to report upon these as they would report upon any other event of immediate interest. He would warn these reporters that they were strictly to consider themselves as reporters and that they were therefore to refrain from explicit criticism. He would so select his men that a melodrama should be dealt with by a reporter who liked a good melodrama and that a summer song-show should be described by a reporter who could find pleasure in inoffensive and amusing spectacle. If this policy should be adopted and announced clearly and emphatically, probably most of the occasions for quarrel between managers and editors would disappear; and the immense majority of the readers of

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the daily paper would be supplied with exactly the information they would prefer.

Then for the benefit of the smaller number who are really interested in the drama as a serious art, the editor-in-chief might avail himself of the fact that the Sunday issue while it is still a newspaper containing the news of the preceding twenty-four hours is also a magazine, to be read in more leisurely fashion and therefore at liberty to treat artistic topics with a larger freedom. Here space could be found for genuine dramatic criticism by the most competent expert available. This dramatic critic should have nothing whatever to do with the news of the theatres or with the first-night play-reviewing. He should not be tired and bored by having to go to the theatre half-a-dozen times a week, and by being forced to analyse plays which do not reward analysis. He would be expected to select out of the current performances that one which promised to be most worthy of careful consideration, and he would feel himself free to discuss this at such length as it might seem to him to deserve. To him also should be entrusted the more significant of the new books upon the history of the theatre and upon the art of the drama. In the summer (and also whenever at any other season there might be a dearth of inspiring topics), this dramatic critic would not be expected to contribute, since he should never be called upon to make bricks without straw.

Even in New York this method is not as new as it may seem; and more than one metropolitan daily has approximated to it, although no one of them has completely detached the dramatic critic from the play-reviewer and from the supervisor of theatrical gossip. And it has long been adopted in certain of the Paris newspapers. In the *Temps,* for example, when Sarcey was its dramatic critic, there was a daily column of theatrical announcement and gossip, and in this column there were brief reports upon first-night performances; and with this department of the news of the theatres Sarcey had nothing to do and for it he had no responsibility. Then in the ample space specially reserved for him in the issue of every Sunday afternoon, he dealt with the dramatic themes that seemed to him worth while. If a play appeared to him to require it, he went to see it two or even three times, before he undertook to formulate his opinion; and on occasion he would carry over his detailed discussion of a very important drama into the article of the following Sunday. On the other hand, if no recent play appeared to him to demand his continued attention he would devote himself to one of the recent books about the theatre or to a detailed discussion of the proper interpretation of one of the classics of the French drama kept constantly in the repertory of the Comédie-Française.

The adoption of this method would relieve the dramatic critic from one of his existing disadvantages; he would be released from criticising the pieces which are beneath criticism. The literary critic and even the ordinary book-reviewer never spends his time in considering dime-novels,—whereas the play-reviewer is now called upon to waste many evenings in beholding plays which are only the theatrical equivalents of dime-novels. This obligation is a futile and fatiguing expenditure of energy, the immediate result of which is likely to be discouraging and even enervating. If the dramatic critic could be totally relieved from all contact with the show-business when the show-business has only a casual connection with the drama, it would tend to keep him fit for his essential task. Under the present conditions it is no wonder that the play-reviewer wearies of his task and loses the gusto and the zest without which all work tends to degenerate into the perfunctory and the mechanical.

We need not fear that the first-night reporting would be ill done if competent reporters were instructed that they were not to consider themselves as critics and that it was their sole duty to report, as

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they would report anything else, conscientiously and accurately. The difficulty would not be in finding reporters able to discharge this duty, it would be in the discovery of dramatic critics possessing the fourfold qualifications of insight, equipment, disinterestedness and sympathy, which every critic must be endowed with whatever the art he undertakes to analyse. And the difficulty would be increased by the fact that the dramatic critic needs an understanding of three different arts, the art of acting, the art of literature and the art of the drama—of playmaking as distinct from literature.

It would be idle to hope that even if this method were adopted we should soon be able to develop in the United States and in Great Britain a group of dramatic critics of the capacity and the quality of Lessing and of Sarcey, of George Henry Lewes and of William Archer. Yet it is solely by the adoption of this method that we can hope to provide the opportunity for the development of the true dramatic critic, who can fit himself for his finer work only by being set free from the necessity of doing work quite unworthy of him, although necessary to the newspaper itself. And the development of a group of dramatic critics of a higher type than can be found to-day—except possibly in a scant half-dozen dailies and weeklies and monthlies—is a condition precedent to the development of our drama. Of course, these dramatic critics, whatever their endowment, could give little help directly to the dramatic authors, since it is a mistake to suppose that the critic is capable of counselling the author or that he is charged with any such duty. Where the critic can help is by disseminating knowledge about the dramatic art and by raising the standard of appreciation in the public at large—that public which even the mightiest dramatist has to please or else to fail of his purpose.

THE INTERRELATIVE

BY S. K. WILSON

I ASK, would not "The Passing of
  The Third Floor Back" have scored a hit
As quite the neatest thing in farce
  If Bernard Shaw had written it?

And would not "Blanco Posnet" reign
  As solemn gnomic utterance
If J. K. Jerome's hand had been
  The one to give it ordinance?

And yet J. K.'s a funny man
  According to the stablished rule,
While Shaw's the seriousest yet
  Unearthed outside of Sunday-school.

Thus we perceive the poignant truth,
  That humour is of humourists
A thing apart and piety
  An incident to pietists.

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SOME RECENT BOOKS ON EDUCATION*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THERE is perhaps no mental exercise in which we Americans take so much pleasure as in that of finding fault with our public school system. As a subject of censure it excels in popularity even the trusts and municipal government, for the measure of chastisement is also the measure of our love and pride. Were it less precious our volleys of criticism would be neither so incessant, so determined nor so well aimed. Because it is as our very life's blood it must be made and kept as efficient for its purpose as possible and its methods must accept and assimilate whatever investigation, invention, discovery in any department of human knowledge or effort can offer that will better its work. And so we criticise and rail at it incessantly, in every day talk, in public addresses, in newspaper and magazine articles and in books galore. And among the most constant and merciless of its critics are those who are engaged in carrying on its work and directing its lines of effort. Always they are in search of better, more efficient means for the achieving of its purposes, always are they sure that they have found, or are just about to find, some new and golden theory which, put into practice, would be of immeasurable benefit. And always they are doing their best to kick off the old, outgrown, clogging methods and to acquaint the public with the new ones which they wish to try.

*Schools of To-morrow. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Play in Education. By Joseph Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Practical Conduct of Play. By Henry S. Curtis. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Plays for School Children. By Anna M. Lütkenhaus and Margaret Knox. New York: The Century Company.

Recent books upon educational affairs have in them so much of this eager desire to discard the old and to try the new and set forth with such earnest advocacy the theories, the practices, the methods in which educational experts believe will be found far better means of training children, that they are of prime importance to all the public, whether or not it is directly concerned with the subject. Not in a long time have critics of our school system offered so nearly at once so much that was revolutionary not only in outward practice but in the deep rooting of its theory. Conservative folk, who still hold old-fashioned ideas about the up-bringing of children, will find many of their ideas fairly sensational.

"SCHOOLS OF TO-MORROW"

While some of this criticism takes the form of charging the school system with not keeping abreast of modern developments and modern needs and some of it complains because the schools are moving too rapidly and paying too little attention to fundamental things, at bottom it is all trying to say that the schools do not adequately discharge their function of training the child for practical life. Professor Dewey coincides with that view in his very hopeful study of the tendencies of educational methods of the present time. But he thinks that the new methods which are being tried out in a great number of schools in various parts of the country all look toward a closer union between the school and the social environment. He sees in these various educational laboratories most promising indications for a regenerated school system in which the pupils will receive an all-round training, will take pride and pleasure in their work and will be made to feel

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their relation to and importance in the community and so will become active agents in promoting a strong and stable democracy.

The book combines in a very interesting way exposition of those educational principles upon which the new movement is based with description of the methods in various schools in which they are being applied. The descriptive chapters are the work of Evelyn Dewey, who is Professor Dewey's daughter. Even those who are reasonably familiar with the experiment in new methods that is going on in American schools will be surprised to find in how many localities these are being tried, although the authors say that those they have mentioned do not "begin to represent all that is being done to-day to vitalise the school life of children." In as many as a dozen cities and towns they have found the illustrations that show the realising in practice of the principles that demand that the child's training shall proceed in harmony with his mental growth and shall enable him to make use of his environment. Of all these the one to receive the most attention is the school system at Gary, both because it is being conducted on so large and complete a scale and because Gary has quickly become the Mecca of the educational profession. Mr. Curtis in his book, which will presently be discussed, tells how these folk have flocked to Gary in such numbers that certain weeks have had to be set aside in which they could be received and furnished with guides. Professor Dewey, while explaining quite fully the material results of the Gary system, which have had much attention in the public prints, insists that the emphasis should not be put upon that side of Mr. Wirt's work. The big, fundamental idea there, he thinks, is the social purpose, the making of good citizens having a sense of responsibility toward the community and of intimate relation with it. The book contains nothing more interesting or suggestive than the pages in which he expounds the relations between this method and this result.

Professor Dewey sees in our public school system "the only fundamental agency" which will be effective in combating the dangers which threaten democracy, whose task becomes ever more difficult with the increasing complexity of our life. But to make it effective, "The subject matter and the methods of teaching must be positively and aggressively adapted to the end." The reorganisation of our school system along the lines in which these experimental schools have been successful would, he believes, result in better training for children, moral, mental and physical, better citizenship and a sounder basis for our democratic ideals.

"PLAY IN EDUCATION"

The thesis that Mr. Lee sets out to prove in his very interesting volume is, in a nutshell, that play, for the child, is work, and work, for the man, is play —that is, that the chief activities which engage the human being from the cradle to the grave have their origin in instincts that are the same from start to finish, the instincts that have made the race what it is and are still exercising upon it their mighty moulding power. Therefore, the play of children is of the greatest consequence in their education, and it is only by studying their play instincts and planning their training along the lines thus indicated that the best results can be secured. "Play," says the author, "is the form through which the major, achieving instincts act and through which true growth takes place." "Play is the one most serious business of every child . . . his real life, the expression in him of the same instincts, in the same imperative mood, that govern our own most cherished work." "The play purpose," he declares, "is not the pursuit of pleasure. . . . The heart of the play purpose is always an ideal. . . . The ideal ends that play prescribes are the ideals that dominate our later life, the ends for which men and women in all ages have

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gladly died and been praised for doing so."

Mr. Lee studies the several ages of childhood, from infancy to adolescence, the play activities by which each is marked, the instincts by which those activities are inspired and shows how the same instincts are at work all through man's life, spurring him on to all of his achievements. He explains how these play instincts can be utilised in the education and training of a child to a far greater extent than has ever yet been done. Then he goes on to a consideration of how they can be so conserved and directed as to ameliorate the bad sides of our civilisation and make life a better and brighter experience for both young and old. He believes that in this way the young can be so fitted for the industrial demands of modern life that growth and development, both individual and racial, will result, for when, by recognising and training all the play instincts "we do provide an all-round education, we shall release in our children industrial powers which we now deliberately starve." And a continuing and obedient recognition of the play instincts as they work themselves out in man would, he thinks, fit the industrial world to human nature instead of endeavouring, as does the present regime, to fit human nature to the demands of industry.

Mr. Lee writes brilliantly and entertainingly, with frequent sparkles of wit and with a notable faculty for turning a neat and striking phrase. Some parts of his theory had already been worked out, but he has made some contributions of his own and has treated the whole subject so comprehensively and so vitally as to set it before the makers of the world of to-morrow in the form of a practicable theory, ready for their hands. His book is a noteworthy addition to the practical philosophy not only of education but also of life as a whole.

"THE PRACTICAL CONDUCT OF PLAY"

This volume by Mr. Curtis, who is supervisor of the playgrounds of the District of Columbia and was for a time secretary of the Playground Association of America—of which association, by the way, Mr. Joseph Lee was for four years the president—presents the practical application and its actual working out of some phases of the theory set forth in Mr. Lee's *Play in Education*. The background of wide experience which the author has had with the play of children and out of which he writes is evident upon every page of his book. It is an experience which has given him a rich and varied and comprehensive knowledge of childhood in all its social phases and in all its moral and intellectual variety. But, if he knows children well, he is equally well informed upon all the phases of the playground movement, the steps in its progress, its present development and the points of similarity or of contrast between its methods in this country and in Europe. He gives, incidentally, a few figures which show how rapid has been the growth of the movement in the United States. In 1906 less than twenty cities were maintaining playgrounds. Seven years later the total number was six hundred and forty-two. The City of New York has spent seventeen million dollars on its play systems during the last fifteen years and Chicago has spent thirteen millions in the last ten years. The amount spent by the country as a whole for this purpose increases at the rate of nearly fifty per cent. a year. The numbers of playground workers are increasing at the rate of twenty per cent. each year, and thus has been evolved a new profession in the educational group, very different in requirements from any of the older ones. Mr. Curtis devotes some special attention to the essential qualities, training and requirements of playground organisers and directors, but the high ideal of what such persons should be and should be able to do which inspires his whole volume is constantly apparent. The book gives advice and counsel upon all stages and phases of the creation and conduct of a playground, with constant

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reference to what has been attempted and to what has failed and what has succeeded in the playgrounds of the various cities. The school playgrounds of Gary and the remarkable achievements in Chicago receive frequent and extended reference.

Although specialised and technical in its nature, meant for the instruction and use of those who are professionally connected with the playground movement, the book is worth the attention of anyone who wants a measure of the difference between the methods and ideals of the schools of to-day and yesterday.

"PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN"

In his *Schools of To-morrow* Professor Dewey speaks at some length but in a general way of the extent and varied ways in which the native dramatic instinct of children is being employed in the various schools which his volume describes as a help in school training. He does not, however, mention Public School No. 15, New York City, of which Miss Knox is the principal and Miss Lütkenhaus the director of its dramatic club. Their little volume becomes, therefore, a worthy annex to his larger discussion and more generalised treatment of the subject. For it gives a concrete example, with considerable detail, of just how the theory has been worked out and applied in one school. Miss Knox writes the introduction, of some ten or more pages, in which she sets forth the theory of the part which dramatic work can be made to play in the elementary school. In the big school of which she is principal the children put their reading, geography, grammar, and history lessons into dramas which they stage and enact and they learn something about literary composition, civics, nature and social welfare in the same way. Miss Knox says that she has found the practical application of the theory to be remarkably successful. Miss Lütkenhaus's share in the book was to edit a score of plays, many of which were written and presented by the pupils of the school, while all of them are illustrative of the theory and adapted to its practical application.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. MARGUERITE TRACY AND MARY BOYD'S "PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH."*

II. HANNA RION'S "THE TRUTH ABOUT TWILIGHT SLEEP."†

III. DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS'S "TWILIGHT SLEEP."‡

THE general introduction and establishment of painless childbirth would mean the dawn of a new era for womankind. One feels, on reading these three books, which have recently appeared on this subject, that whether American women are to have this boon rests with the women themselves. If the women become sufficiently aroused on the subject, and demand it with relentless persistence, it is theirs. It is their support, their demand, allied to the pioneering group of physicians in this country, who have undertaken to bring it to them against the reactionary and traditional advocates of the ancient order. The first step necessary is that women shall know that there is such a thing as painless delivery of child without injury to mother or child. Toward this initial step the four authors of these three books have rendered a great service to American women, and every woman, for the sake of all women, should at least read these books and know what they have a right to demand and to work for.

*Painless Childbirth. By Marguerite Tracy and Mary Boyd. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

†The Truth About Twilight Sleep. By Hanna Rion. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

‡Twilight Sleep. By Dr. Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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The discovery of the possibility of spontaneous birth under artificial painlessness is not a recent event. In 1847 James Simpson first used chloroform in such a manner as to deliver a woman in childbirth without pain. But this method of eliminating pain made such demands on physicians, and the prejudice against it was so great, that his discovery was never developes into a definite method to be generally employed by obstetricians. As Marguerite Tracy and Mrs. Boyd state in their book:

> Unpathological pain in childbirth has been accepted philosophically by the profession at large, so that each man whose personal sensitiveness has led him to use semi-anæsthesia in his obstetrical practice, has had to learn its technique for himself by his own experience.

Simpson's object was to secure in his patient a semi-consciousness that should be painless, not the forgetfulness of pain, which is the so-called Twilight Sleep. In order to prevent this semi-consciousness passing into complete unconsciousness, under which labour can seldom be maintained indefinitely, it was necessary to give the anæsthetic in minute doses and constantly keep the patient under observation. Chloroform came to be Simpson's favourite drug. The first case in which he employed it to bring a living child into the world was one in which, owing to the physical formation of the mother, it had been previously necessary to sacrifice her first child by craniotomy When, however, in the case of this second child, pain was removed, Simpson was able to employ the "waiting method," and the child was born without harm to mother or child. The mother awoke after the birth saying, "She had enjoyed a very comfortable sleep and indeed required it as she was so tired." She was quite unconscious that the child had been born during that sleep. It is almost impossible to believe that so humane a gift to womankind could have been met with the bitter opposition that Simpson encountered. But it was toward the obstetrical use of ether and chloroform and toward this use only that the religious opposition to anæsthetics was directed. Dr. Williams says in his book on Twilight Sleep:

> That perhaps no single phrase among the many misapplied verdicts of a faulty philosophy was destined to exercise a more baleful influence than the interpretation of the observed agony of woman in childbirth that found expression in the phrase: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

Simpson answered this religious attitude by reminding his opponents that God had enjoined suffering on Adam as well as Eve. And

> Called the attention of the male clergy and medical profession to the fact that in the only case of male parturition recorded in history real or legendary, "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam and He took out one of his ribs and closed up the flesh thereof."

But all Simpson's humanitarian efforts did not secure to the descendants of Eve the general acceptance of his discovery. When, however, in 1853 he attended Queen Victoria at her confinement, his method of administering chloroform in small intermittent doses came to be known as *chloroform à la reine,* and thereby attained a certain dignity and respectability. But the effort to secure complete painlessness was not carried forward and developed into a definite technic by the medical profession at large. Simpson said of the women who had *chloroform à la reine:*

> Most of those who had this anæsthetic subsequently set out like zealous missionaries to persuade other friends to avail themselves of relief in their hour of trial and travail.

One woman, the mother of ten children, had had her last baby under *chloroform à la reine.* When one of her daughters was about to have a child she demanded that the physician apply Simpson's method. He refused and the mother herself administered the anæs-

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thetic, thus securing for her daughter a painless spontaneous birth. But from the accounts rendered in *Painless Childbirth* there seem to have been too many physicians of this indifferent attitude and too few mothers like this one. For, as Miss Tracy and Mrs. Boyd point out:

In 1864 The Royal Medical Chirurgical Society put itself on record, when some thirty thousand painless births were known, as believing obstetrical anæsthesia to be a safe and desirable procedure if administered with the care expected of all obstetricians. . . . [yet] a conspiracy of respectful silence has retarded the normal development of Simpson's contribution to semi-anæsthesia. Simpson's experience has not died with him; instead it has been buried alive in the files of obstetrical journals. Only a few have practised his perfect method and his universal use over long periods of labour.

Many physicians nowadays do give anæsthetics in childbirth. But usually it is employed only in the last stages of labour or when operative interference is necessary. Sometimes it is given to minimise the pain to some degree. This use of anæsthetics is, of course, a blessing compared with the unrelieved painful labour; but it is by no means ideal. As one mother said:

There may not have been so much pain. But the sense of helplessness that I had seemed worse than full consciousness and ability to fight for myself.

But there is no such wavering verdict from the mothers who have had children under the artificial painlessness of the Dämmerschlaf or Twilight Sleep. Especially is this true of women who have had children under both methods. Dr. Williams quotes one mother who is typical:

"If you had another baby which way would you choose to have it?" was asked of an American mother who had been in Freiburg for her most recent confinement. "Which way?" she is said to have answered, "Which *way?* If I had another baby, I would have it in Freiburg if I had to walk all the way from California."

Hanna Rion quotes another mother whose attitude seems equally typical. When she asked her at Freiburg whether she had any objection to having publicity given to her experience with Twilight Sleep, she replied:

Objection! why we are all so anxious to make this thing known to the women at home we'd welcome you and tell you everything we know about scopolamin even if you were going to publish it in the *Police Gazette.*

Dr. Williams says of scopolamin that it

is not a new drug, but it has been comparatively little used in medicine until recent years. It belongs to a rather long series of drugs that act on the nervous system in a striking way when administered in very small quantities. It is not a drug that can be handled with impunity. Under no circumstances should it ever be given except by a skilled physician. The possibility of this drug as a narcotic, in particular as a substitute for chloroform and ether, has been under consideration since about the year 1900.

This is the drug that, associated in the first dose with morphin, or more recently nacrophin, is used at Freiburg to produce the Twilight Sleep. Dr. Williams continues:

A distinguishing peculiarity of the scopolamin treatment, as perfected at Freiburg, is that it does not produce complete narcosis. If it were merely a question of giving hypodermic injections of a drug, until the patient became unconscious the case would be different. But scopolamin is not a drug that lends itself to such use as this. With a patient thoroughly narcotised the muscular contraction would cease, and the birth of the child would be retarded, even if the life of the mother were not jeopardised. So it is necessary to restrict the dosage, and to regulate it very carefully. In fact, herein lies the entire secret of the Freiburg method. The fame of the Freiburg

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method depends largely upon the exact rules of procedure that have been elaborated by these skilful physicians. The essence of the matter is that when the drugs are given in just the right quantity, the patient retains consciousness, and (except that she may fall asleep between pains) is at all times more or less cognisant of what is going on about her, but is singularly lacking in the capacity to remember any of the happenings that she observes. She may seem to be conscious of the birth of her child, and may give evidence of apparent suffering. Yet when a few moments later the child is brought in by the nurse from the neighbouring room where it has been cared for, and placed in the mother's arms the patient does not recognise the child as her own, or realise that she has yet been delivered.

Just as there was hostility to *chloroform à la reine* in Simpson's time, so there has been hostility to this method. However, much of this criticism is, in reality, a criticism of the early unstandardised use of scopolamin in obstetrics. Twilight Sleep does not mean any and every state of unconsciousness induced by scopolamin-morphin. It is a very definite mental condition which can only be secured through an exact technique of dosage. This condition is not one in which pain is obliterated, but one in which the memory of pain is obliterated, though the mother is able to assist the birth. And the test by which this particular condition is produced and maintained throughout birth is the so-called "memory test." This test and not the degree of pain which the patient seems to be having is the fundamental rock on which Twilight Sleep, as practiced at the Frauenklinik in Freiburg, rests. Despite this constant admonition by the physicians of the Frauenklinik, most of the physicians who have condemned Twilight Sleep after a trial have, on their own testimony, ignored, or disregarded in great part, the successful technique so painstakingly worked out at Freiburg. Some American physicians who have opposed the method did so after a few days' visit at the Frauenklinik, having visited only the fourth ward. There they found an experiment in fixed dosage being conducted. (This is referred to as the "Siegel Method" by some American physicians.) The experiments were being conducted in an effort to work out a method which, involving a less exacting care on the part of the attendant physician, would enable scopolamin-morphin to be more generally used. It was purely an experiment and was so regarded at the Frauenklinik. Gauss himself said of it:

> If you could trust to having an average woman, you could use an average dose, but the dose is easier to standardise than the woman.

Thus various American physicians condemned Twilight Sleep, because they regarded this fixed dosage as the accepted Twilight Sleep of the Frauenklinik. The authors of *Painless Childbirth* make this comment:

> Siegel's method is discountenanced by all doctors who stayed at Freiburg long enough to learn the real Däammerschlaf. Their chief fight is against it (the Siegel fixed dosage), as it furnishes just the easy means of using scopolamin-morphin without skill or judgment, which an ill-equipped general practitioner would seize upon and work damage with.

The real menace to the permanent establishment of Twilight Sleep in this country lies, not in the active opponents of painless childbirth, but in the ill-informed advocates and poorly trained practitioners. It is of the greatest importance that the method worked out by Kronig and Gauss at the Frauenklinik and elsewhere shall not become confused in the public mind with experiments which might easily become ineffective and dangerous in the hands of the unskilled. It is on this that Miss Tracy and Mrs. Boyd lay constant emphasis. Only the skilful obstetrician, carefully trained in the application of the "memory test," should be permitted to ad-

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minister Twilight Sleep. In fact, they go so far as to say that the Siegel, or fixed dosage, method is the greatest menace to the success of Twilight Sleep in this country. For it is precisely this seemingly easy method which would appeal to the untrained and unskilled general practitioner. Dr. Williams also lays great stress on the necessity of having this method used only by the thoroughly equipped physician. It seems to the present reviewer that Hanna Rion does not lay sufficient stress on the avoidance of the fixed dosage. In a portion of her account one almost has the impression that the fixed dosage method had been established and given the final stamp as the method of the Frauenklinik, whereas in another portion we are shown that it was still regarded by them as in the experiment stage at the time the war broke out. Twilight Sleep, with the "memory test," as conducted by Gauss at the Frauenklinik, is no longer an experiment. It is the eighty per cent. perfect method for painless birth. But the Siegel, or fixed dosage, method is *still* in the experimental stage, and should, one feels from reading the other two books by Dr. Williams, and Miss Tracy and Mrs. Boyd, continue to be so regarded. It should not be confused with Gauss's Twilight Sleep, which rests on the memory test.

Twilight Sleep can only be ideally conducted in hospitals, since it requires a special environment. It is hoped that it will convert women to hospital delivery and lead to the establishment of properly equipped hospitals with trained obstetricians throughout the country. In this manner the science of obstetrics would be raised to its proper place beside major surgery. The obstetrician and gynecologist should be one. Not, as now, an army of highly skilled gynecologists kept busy repairing ills which could have been to a great extent absolutely prevented by the proper attention at delivery or shortly after. Dr. Williams presents a terrible arraignment of the present condition of obstetrics in this country. And the development of the science of obstetrics is bound up with the development of painless child-bearing and hospital delivery.

The most comprehensive and exhaustive study of painless childbirth is found in Marguerite Tracy and Mrs. Boyd's volume. Mrs. Boyd is herself a Twilight Sleep mother. Dr. Williams's book is much smaller, but gives an excellent brief account of Twilight Sleep. Hanna Rion's study is written in a more colloquial, almost personally conversational, style. One feels she has constantly in mind the average woman, and except for the reservation mentioned above, its careful simplification of terms will help it to carry the message to many, though it is not necessarily so comprehensive or restrained a volume as *Painless Childbirth.*

Fola La Follette.

IV

Paul H. B. D'Estournelles de Constant's "America and Her Problems"*

The charm of personality which lingers long in the memory of those who heard M. D'Estournelles lecture on his several visits to the United States illumines this book from first to last. It is refreshingly different from the snap judgments so often put into print by many even of the able foreigners who have visited us. It is inspired by a lifetime of study, and while what the author has seen here has often filled him with admiration and hope for the future, he is keenly aware of many a danger forgotten or deliberately neglected by those of us who claim to be most concerned about our country's destiny. M. D'Estournelles, one of the world's most able peace advocates, a delegate from France to two Hague Conferences and a member of the Senate of France, has travelled much, read much and thought much. A certain insularity peculiar to all French critics and men of

*America and Her Problems. By Paul H. B. D'Estournelles de Constant. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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intellect shows itself in his writings only in little personal touches which are charming in their intimacy. In the wider world of public thought he has a mind open to justice and truth wherever he finds it. The keynote of his book, the reason for its being, is explained in the preface to the American edition in the following sentences:

> I had two objects. One was to do my best not only to show the United States how fully I appreciate their vast resources, but to make them realise the incalculable service they could render to civilisation by remaining faithful to their peace policy, which is the main cause of their prodigious prosperity. Secondly, in defining this peace policy and quoting facts to show that it was inspired neither by short-sightedness nor by cowardice, I have tried to indicate its patriotic grandeur and its advantages for other nations, especially for those who believe in the superiority of militarism. I have given my readers a choice between two forms of actual experience . . . two models, the first, to be followed, a peace policy, and the second, to be avoided, a policy of adventure and armament.

And again, in the last chapter, after a splendid heartfelt apostrophe to those nations which have kept themselves free from militaristic ideals, the writer asks again:

> Do Americans intend to reject the lesson of all this experience, repudiate their past, place themselves on the same footing as the heavily handicapped military nations, and begin a fruitless squandering of the men, money and resources they need to meet competition? This is the whole question.

The writer's reiteration of his main theme, and the keenness of the argumentation by which he leads up to it again and again, as well as the warm personal feeling and the high ideals that pulse through all these pages give the book a double value just now. It is one that should be put into the hands of many young men now hovering between two ideals offered them as their country's destiny. Its influence cannot help but make for justice, a sense of true liberty, and last, but decidedly not least, for that higher form of common-sense from which all real progress has come.

The first half of the book is taken up largely with accounts of the author's travels and experiences on his first trip as lecturer to the United States when much that he saw was new to him and excited his eager interest. His view was more limited than his power of seeing keenly. Everywhere he was met by men and women of prominence who wished him to think well of our national life and institutions; his acquaintance was naturally limited to his fellow intellectuals or people of means whose delight it is to entertain intellectuals. But in spite of this restriction Baron D'Estournelles gained a very good working knowledge of many important factors and tendencies in our national life. With charming frankness he tells us that he had formerly believed in an "American peril" (and leaves us with the inference that many of his country-people think likewise), but that he came to believe surely and joyously in the "American remedy" for many of the ills which inflict army-ridden Europe. He had already revised his book for the American edition before the present war broke out and only a few footnotes and one or two interpolated passages were written to fit changed conditions. But M. D'Estournelles tells us several times that recent events have given him no cause to change any opinions in this book. He is too modest to point out to the reader how true much of what he says has proved to be. But the discerning reader will see it and respect the writer all the more for his modesty.

There is much in lighter vein, sayings wise or witty concerning themselves with men, women and conditions in our country which would be pleasant to linger over and quote here. But the serious underlying thought of the book, and the added importance given it by the war, force our attention to the deeper problems treated. Some clever

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remarks about the skyscraper as a "form of oppression directed against the population of the entire city" and about "reporters who are also journalists," also some delicious kindly-satirical sayings about our Chambers of Commerce, are worthy of record. M. D'Estournelles does not like our choice of the eagle as the national bird; it is in his eyes "an anachronism in the armourial bearings of a democracy." It represents brute force and oppression. "The cultivation of delight in existence of which I see signs everywhere in the United States is incompatible with the lust for destruction." He suggests the blue-bird as a better emblem. Some of our own thinkers have also called the blue-jay the typical American bird.

M. D'Estournelles is full of sincere praise for the youthful vigour in so many lines of undertaking which met his eye everywhere in this country. To him, all was new and fresh and full of the delight for existence. He did not distinguish between the older East, already fossilised in certain lines of thought, and the West, seething with the desire to experiment . . . to try out new fashions in living, individual or public. He does, however, see very clearly that the reason so many important political experiments were first tried out in the Far West, is that the people of those States fled from the things they did not like with no other thought at first than just to get away. Finally when the ocean stopped further flight, they had to turn and face the problem and work it out for themselves. In this, the Frenchman sees clearer than many Americans. And in some highly interesting pages on German militarism vs. German idealism (one of which was added after the war broke out), M. D'Estournelles proves himself an observer whose deductions are based on knowledge and the ability to think independently. His summing up of the forces that make the two great parties (the war party and the peace party) in Germany should be instructive and enlightening to many Americans who put the entire blame for present conditions on a monarch who is himself the greatest loser . . . and likely to be so in the future too . . . for the catastrophe. M. D'Estournelles places the blame where it belongs, first of all on the great landed proprietors of Germany who "wanted war as a means of averting socialistic taxes and delaying the democratisation of Germany," then on the anti-democratic upper middle class, dreaming of the return to an aristocratic régime, and then on the manufacturers of war material. There are some other factors, but in his estimate . . . and who that knows will dispute it? . . . these three elements lead all the others.

His travel narrative over, his graceful compliments paid, and his gratitude for many favours charmingly rendered M. D'Estournelles becomes deeply serious in the later chapters of his book and points out to us, in able, telling arguments, what we have gained by independence of thought and action. He warns us—gravely and in words that come from the heart, of the danger of embarking on a policy of armament which would divert men and resources from all kinds from productive work, from all the forces for social welfare that have come to mean so much in our life—and which yet, for years to come, could never show result that would make us more than a third rate military power, as military powers go in Europe. To gain this low position we would step down from our proud pinnacle as a great nation which has become great through the arts of peace and is not afraid to trust its greatness to these arts and rest its reputation on construction instead of on destruction. He shows us how dangerous even our small military equipment may be, particularly on the sea, where the hasty action of some admiral, with exaggerated ideas as to "national honour" may bring down much trouble upon us. M. D'Estournelles is too courtly, too truly polite to mention instances that prove the truth of what he says more than once. But the exploits of "hair-trigger" admirals are

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still unpleasantly fresh in the minds of most thinking Americans.

We Americans can always listen to what a Frenchman says about Panama, as to France is due the first vision of that great enterprise. This Frenchman regrets that his country could not have made the vision a reality, but he is broad-minded enough to congratulate the United States for the work done on the Canal. Then he tells us, with admirable courage, what he thinks of our great mistake in fortifying the Canal. His words sting by reason of their truth and logic.

> The fortification of the Panama Canal is unjustifiable in equity and principle, and useless in fact. It is another sign of the growth of American imperialism. It is the outcome of the bad influences brought to bear on official circles in Washington; it is a military act without a motive. It is a seizure of what ought to be common property and an outrage on the world's confidence.

And then he shows the adbsurdity of this "clumsy and unnecessary act," in pages where all his French courtesy cannot conceal some unpleasant truths. Taken all in all, this is not only a notable but a most timely book. In it we learn to know a man of rare mind and high ideals and we learn to know ourselves as he saw us, and as he furthermore hopes that we may be, in the chance now offered us to set an example to the entire world. It is a book that an American proud of his nation's best possibilities will read with enjoyment and gladly recommend to others.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie's "Women the World Over"*

Mrs. Tweedie subtitles her latest book:

> A Sketch both Light and Gay
> Perchance both Dull and Stupid.

*Women the World Over. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, F.G.R.S. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

It is indeed a cruel trick to play on a poor reviewer, to cut short thusly the supply of adjectives which might fittingly describe this child of her brain. However, some words are left us from which to choose, and out of these, as most appropriate, we would choose, let us say, variegated verbosity, or platitudinous phrasing, either term serving as an excellent characterisation of the material covering three hundred and fifty-seven pages of an imposing volume.

Mr. Ernst Thompson Seton opens the ball with a short introduction which is admirable in its non-committal quality. Then Mrs. Tweedie takes the floor and holds it long and triumphantly.

She chats about men, women, and things—but mainly about women, in a series of chapters bearing headings calculated to attract the unwary.

Love and Other Things: Courtship —Should Women Propose?: Marriage —For Life or For Lease: Three Female Pests—Drink, Drugs and Luggage: Bachelor Girls and Old Maid Men: Should Women Have Titles: these are a few out of many. The text under these headings bears a strong family resemblance to the syndicated matter so popular with some papers, the kind that goes out broadcast under a fluffy feminine signature, but is generally perpetrated by some hard-working journalist, male or female, gifted with a robust conscience and a keen contempt for the average run of human intelligence. Only such matter, foolish as it may seem, is still written with more coherency and consistency than Mrs. Tweedie thinks necessary.

When one reads more than one of this writer's books the wonder grows as to how any one dares to continue to be so artlessly casual in print. Also the doubt grows as to whether she really means it, or is playing a huge joke on us!

Every imaginable sort of a bromide is put through its paces as if it were a shining new discovery. Still that is the true essence of bromidism, is it not? And of course it is impossible for utter bromides and platitudes for several hun-

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dred printed pages without saying a good deal that is true, even if not new—without saying much that is generally known but not always clearly formulated. It does not hurt us to be reminded of some of the things Mrs. Tweedie tells us in this book, even if we did know them long ago.

Her answer to the question as to why woman should take up certain lines of endeavour comes in this category:

> Please remember that women have got to live, to be fed, clothed and housed, and if they are not provided for by some one, they must provide for themselves; and the only way they can provide for themselves (or the only way they should have to do it) is by working.

The following is another such incontestible truth:

> Men who marry educated companions gain cooks; but men who marry uneducated cooks never gain companions.

Mrs. Tweedie has a great deal more to say on the subject of men's faults and failings, which she seems to know pretty well. She lectures them on the absurdity of their clothes, particularly in hot weather, in a way that will delight the hearts of many women who have had to hear the same sort of things said about their clothes from many sorts of men.

Mrs. Tweedie has coined a new word in this book, it is NAMOW. It is, she says, a term we should use in speaking of men and women together; she objects (with justification) to sex segregation in matters where it has no reason. "Namow is Woman spelt backwards, the letters of the word containing both sexes." But her use of it frequently makes it seem like the name of some queer tribe of Gulliverian genesis.

It is a surprise to find a countrywoman of George Bernard Shaw giving a whole chapter to a searching inquiry into the reasons that would justify a woman in proposing marriage instead of waiting for the man to do it. We thought that was settled long ago. And again Mrs. Tweedie, in her chapter on "American Women" impresses upon her readers the fact that:

> In England it is the fashion to go to the theatre or to dine at a restaurant in a low cut gown.

It is surprising how necessary it is for the rest of the world to be keenly aware of this important bit of knowledge—according to Mrs. Tweedie.

She does not much admire our American girls of the present day, but our women over thirty call out her wholehearted praise. Still, we must learn manners from the English, and there is really no such thing as "American hustle." It is merely a bit of national bluff, and there is more splendour than comfort in American homes.

We can recommend the chapter on "Making the Best of It" to readers who enjoy Mrs. Tweedie's striking talent for jumbling the most varied subjects together in one breathless and oftentimes periodless rush of words. In this chapter family budgets; punctuality; restriction of the birthrate; women factory workers; cremation; vivisection; mummies; tomohawking useless old people; suicide, and kindred themes meet and mingle in bewildering array without absolutely no transition from one subject to another, so that the result is always startling and frequently amusing. The following quotation, from the closing page of the book, shows this peculiarity of style better than could any criticism:

> A lonely walk through a beautiful glade or sun-kissed wood is an uplifting force. It fills our soul with joy and delight and enthuses us with the multitudinous wonders of Nature and her mysterious whole. The more beautiful the scene the more beautiful still it is rendered by the presence of some one we love. BUT. . . . Has the day not come when women should have fair play?

A word of sincere praise is due the clever cartoons by W. K. Haselden scattered through the book.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THIRTY"

"THIRTY," by Howard Vincent O'Brien, sounds a new note in the "Beloved Vagabond" type of fiction. Brent Good is a human derelict, of indefinite age and unguessed antecedents. At the moment he drifts into the story he is temporarily reporting for a rabid socialistic paper, which has sent him down to interview Judith Wynrod, a young heiress of great reputed wealth, in connection with certain riots at the Algoma Mines, in which she has large interests. Now, at the critical moment when Good crosses her horizon, Judith and her younger brother, Roger, are in a fair way of wrecking their lives. They have no serious purpose, no definite goal, nothing but the vicious wasting of time and money that fills the days and nights of the idle rich. Roger is drifting the faster of the two; he is drinking unwisely, and his losings at bridge are alarming, even with the Wynrod fortune back of him. Furthermore, there has been a woman, who nearly precipitated a scandal; while, on the other hand, he is foolishly interfering with his sister's love affairs, and his interference has already once led to blows between himself and a guest. Into this troubled atmosphere comes Brent Good. The brother and sister are prepared to resent his intrusion, and refuse to be interviewed. But there is a quiet magnetism about the man, a slow, calm logic that compels answers. The author wastes no time in explaining his hero, or chronicling his past; he contents himself with letting us hear him talk. He is not a socialist, although he admits some of their doctrines interest him. His own creed is simple: he believes that the greatest thing in the world is truth, truth at all times, the whole, uncompromising truth, no matter whose favoured interests it may harm. How Good comes to be a vital influence in the life of Judith Wynrod; how he awakens her to an active interest in social and civil reforms; how he persuades her to use her vast fortune to found a newspaper, and to run it fearlessly, in the interests of truth, defying the influence of the advertisers, the trusts and the politicians, forms a stirring chronicle that would seem too fabulous if the man's big, dominant personality did not carry conviction with it. And then, after he has awakened Judith herself into a big-hearted, eager woman, tingling to play an earnest part in life; when he has made a man of Roger, and trained him to understand and grapple with the perplexing problems of this newspaper, which, all unexpectedly, has proved that truth is a paying policy, Brent Good suddenly finds himself in a situation where he is forced to hide the truth, or else bring shame and sorrow to those he loves. Roger's future, his new-found manhood, his aroused interest in business—all hinge in a vital manner on his love for Molly, Judge Walcott's daughter—and Judge Walcott proves to be the head and front of the notorious ring which the

*Thirty. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Athalie. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Michael O'Halloran. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Millstone. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The House of Many Mirrors. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's.

Thankful's Inheritance. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Of Human Bondage. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Lovable Meddler. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: Reilly and Britton Company.

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Despatch has sworn to expose. Having saved the situation and broken faith with himself, Good drifts out of sight, a rolling stone to the last, and his end is not known until Judith receives a farewell note, containing the mystic symbol, 30, with which journalists are in the habit of signing despatches, and which signifies The End.

"ATHALIE"

It is possible that some perspicuous reader will succeed in extracting something more lucid than the present reader has done from Robert W. Chambers's latest achievement, *Athalie,* although this seems very doubtful. Athalie, you must know, is a young person gifted with second sight—even her own mother knew this instinctively when she saw her in her crib. Her playmates knew it, too, and called her the Girl Who Could See Around Corners. Athalie lived with her brothers and sisters in the country, in a sort of roadhouse, and when still a little girl she had her first adventure. Clyde Bailey, a boy of about her own age, drove up to the roadhouse with his parents, and the two children spent a memorable hour together. The patient reader must bear this adventure carefully in mind, because, as happens in pure romance, when Athalie has grown to womanhood and is left without friends or fortune, one of the first persons she meets after she has become a stenographer in New York is Clyde Bailey, and the two recognize each other instantly. They do not fall in love; of course, not—they are just "pals." Clyde fits up an apartment for her, and for a while they are ideally happy, as pals in romantic fiction are expected to be. Then comes a day when Clyde makes a foolish mistake—he marries another girl. Goodbye, pretty little apartment, for Athalie is the soul of honour, and feels that, as a married man, Clyde has lost the right to pay another woman's bills, even if she is only a pal. But there is something wrong with his marriage. His wife has her own views on many subjects: she objects to children, she objects to about everything Clyde likes, she objects to Clyde himself. Meanwhile Athalie, thrown upon her own resources, for the first time bethinks her of her gift of second sight, sets up as a clairvoyant, and becomes the reigning sensation, swept forward and upward on a wave of prosperity. Clyde, realising at last that it is Athalie whom he has loved all the time, buys back her old home in the country, converts it into a terrestrial paradise, and persuades her to defy the world, give up her crystal-ball readings, and come to his arms. For a brief season they are happy, and she still keeps up her second sight, for she whispers to him that she can see the garden filled with the spirits of little children. But somehow she must have read the signs all wrong, for when the seasons have swung round, Athalie is dead and all her expectations of little children are dead with her. The words are English, but what does it all mean?

"MICHAEL O'HALLORAN"

Every one knows the special brand of street arab that adorned the canvases of the late H. K. Brown. Newsboys and bootblacks alike, they were all immaculately clean of face and hands, their worn clothing miraculously patched, their rosy features radiant with health and good food. It was always a mystery where the artist discovered these wonderful boys, but the mystery is now in a fair way of being solved, for they plainly are all next of kin to Mickey, the eponymous hero of Gene Stratton-Porter's *Michael O'Halloran.* Mickey is certainly a wonder, a Don Quixote of gutters and back-alleys. If rent money is due, a little extra exertion clears off the whole edition of papers before ten o'clock, and presto, the rent is paid. A little crippled girl is left destitute; is Mickey daunted at the prospect of added expense? Not a bit of it—you don't understand Mickey. He moves her in to his own abode, nurses her, and learns from the hospital just what medicines to use for her diseased little back, to prepare her for the surgical treatment

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she must have later. A heartless nursemaid ill-treats the children of her wealthy employer, and one day Mickey sees her and reports the facts to the children's father. The mother is one of those frivolous, brainless women of fashion that are so plentiful in a certain type of novel. She is too busy going to auction bridge parties to notice the children herself, and after one child dies in consequence of the nurse having pounded its head on a stone, she excuses her failure to notice it was sick on the ground that she hadn't time to turn its head over to look on the other side. Of course, thanks to Mickey, the father leaves his neglectful wife and takes his two surviving boys to the country, where they grow up strong and hearty. And equally, of course, Peaches, the little crippled girl is cured, not through surgical aid, but thanks to Mickey's systematic massage and the healing balm of country air. In fact, everything miraculous happens in Gene Stratton-Porter's unquenchably optimistic pages; and even when we get a final hint that Mickey's true vocation is journalism and that he may some day end up as a city editor, we don't find that any harder to believe than all the rest of it.

"MILLSTONE"

There seems to be no reason for questioning the sincerity of Mr. Harold Begbie's purpose in writing his latest and extremely unpleasant novel, *Millstone,* but good intentions are not necessarily a justification. Having accumulated a number of especially unsavory details of the while slave traffic, he conceives the idea of putting his facts into the form of a novel so poignant and convincing as to start a nation-wide crusade. Unfortunately for Mr. Begbie, similar material has been used before, and with considerably more skill—notably in the case of Elizabeth Robins's haunting story of *My Little Sister*—yet nothing like a crusade has yet followed in their wake. As for *Millstone,* it is frankly a malodorous theme that defeats itself by clumsy handling. Imagine an innocuous young fellow arriving at the small, quiet inn of an English coast town. The only other guests are a sinister old man with a religious mania, and two women, aunt and niece, the latter apathetic and with a marked aversion to men. Our young hero promptly loses his heart to the apathetic girl, but is warned of the hopelessness of his suit by the aunt, who hints mysteriously of a secret tragedy. Between the old lady's exasperating secretiveness and the sinister old man's fanatical outbursts, the hero certainly has a far from cheerful time, and the net impression upon the reader is that he has temporarily been introduced into a private insane asylum. And presently the number of inmates is augmented by the arrival of a tragic couple, whose purpose in coming to this remote spot is not revealed until the following morning, when the old fanatic is found dead and quite unpleasantly mutilated. Then at last Mr. Begbie chooses to explain. The murdered man was for many years the head of an international band of white slavers, the master mind of hideous and systematic barbarism. Among his victims was a little girl, a child of less than eight years. She vanished one day while playing in the park, and the details of her subsequent fate are given with an abundant wealth of gruesome detail. For many years the distracted mother has been searching for a clue to the identity of the chief criminal, the leader of the band, and here in this little English inn she has found him and taken vengeance. But what, you naturally ask, has all this to do with our young hero and the reluctant lady of his choice? Why, nothing at all. She is not a victim of the traffic, she would probably not understand about it if she were told. But some months ago, while attending a week-end house party, she did receive a rude shock, when another guest, a man much older than herself, thrust attentions upon her which filled her with a lasting sense of outrage. Naturally you conclude that there is no chance for our young man; he is included in her sweeping aversion for the whole sex. But there you are wrong.

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You see, he has heard the gruesome story of last night's murder, in revenge for outrages on young girls and little children. Last night he had not dreamed such things were possible (we wonder, by the way, where he had hitherto passed all his bright young years), last night he was a youth; this morning, he has become a man! And the girl, seeing him, murmurs, "He is different," and decides that, in spite of her aversion, there is one man at least who is rather nice. As a piece of sheer futility, this volume deserves first prize.

"THE HOUSE OF MANY MIRRORS"

It is easier to feel than to explain when a novel possesses the somewhat rare quality of distinction—and that is precisely the quality which should be conceded to *The House of Many Mirrors,* by Violet Hunt. It is not merely the assured artistry of the style, nor the somewhat hard and trenchant brilliancy of the social scene; it is more the unerring insight into character, the reaching below the surface and laying bare of human souls, that makes us feel that here is a book not to be lightly dismissed. Alfred Pleydell had always taken it for granted that he would eventually fall heir to his uncle's fortune, but when he married, the old man could not forgive him for having chosen a wife who, though a widow, had in earlier years been tainted with a stage career. Alfred is an amiable, somewhat futile person; painter, musician, architect in an amateur way; but he could never follow seriously any of these careers. Yet this does not trouble him, since Rosamund's first husband left her a generous life income, ample enough to satisfy the needs of both; and with unconscious selfishness, Alfred never hesitates to indulge his expensive tastes, his hobbies for rare antiques. Rosamund, however, is worried; if she should die, Alfred would be left penniless. And the more she broods, the more determined she becomes that somehow or other there shall be a reconciliation with the uncle, and that neither of the two female cousins shall oust Alfred from his inheritance. Here, however, she has his special vein of obstinancy to contend with. He has certain very definite standards of pride and honour; Rosamund's standards he knows are different, and in matters concerning herself he does not interfere. She, the best dressed woman in London, does not scruple to sell her discarded frocks to her friends, and to drive a shrewd bargain in doing so. She will resort to all sorts of subterfuge to gain her end, tell unblushing lies, force herself into strange houses under an assumed name—acts which, if done by Alfred, would in his opinion, have sullied his good name. And yet such is the rare nature of his love for her that he judges her conduct by a different code. For his own part, he will not "cadge," and to whine and cajole and "work legacies" is one of the meanest forms of cadging. Perhaps Alfred would have more tolerance for his wife's increasing eagerness to make peace with the old man if he suspected the frantic dread, that has slowly become a certainty, that the agonising pain, constantly becoming more frequent, is the herald of a malady that will leave her little time to work legacies, or anything else. But he does not know; and when at last, through her unsuspected plottings, the summons comes from the sick old uncle, couched in such form that there is nothing to offend Alfred's sensitive honour, she sends him from her, hiding the paroxysms of pain, heroically lying, in order to win his solemn promise to stay by the old man's bedside to the last. And while her brave, cheerful letters follow him day by day, she herself is dying by inches, and refusing the relief of merciful drugs, so that she may still keep her mind clear to go on writing to the last—for Alfred must not lose the inheritance. And the cruelest irony of the whole tragic book is that the woman's sacrifice is needless; for the old uncle has never intended, even throughout the long estrangement, to change his will. It stands at his death precisely as he had written it twenty-five years ago.

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"THANKFUL'S INHERITANCE"

Thankful's Inheritance, by Joseph C. Lincoln, is simply one more of this author's cheerful, kindly and mildly diverting studies of Cape Cod life. Picture two lone women arriving in dead of night, in the midst of a storm that has turned roads into rivers and the whole region into a swamp. Picture, further, the sudden breakdown of the ramshackle depot wagon, and a hasty refuge in an abandoned farmhouse, while the driver of the wagon makes his way on foot to find assistance. An empty house, on a bleak sea coast, is a dismal place when the wind howls at night; and Thankful Barnes and her niece Emily were excusable for being nervous, especially when strange, weird sounds proceeded from a certain bedroom upstairs—the unmistakable sound of a man loudly snoring. Thankful, however, was not easily to be daunted; so she proceeded to investigate, and the first surprising discovery she made in the haunted room was a portrait of her Uncle Abner, the deceased uncle who had left the inheritance she had come to claim—a house which, by the caprice of fate, turned out to be this very same abandoned old dwelling in which the two women now found refuge. Uncle Abner's picture! Uncle Abner's room! And those strange, weird snores from an unseen presence kept relentlessly on. Such is the manner in which Aunt Thankful made her advent at East Wellmouth; and if she had then and there turned around and beaten a retreat, leaving her inheritance behind her, no one could have blamed her. But instead she decided, in the bright sunshine of the following day, to remain, to rejuvenate the old place, and—boldest ambition of all—to take summer boarders. In short, the main theme of this somewhat tenuous tale concerns the wavering fortunes of this boarding-house venture; the narrow escape from bankruptcy at the hands of a hard-fisted old money-lender; the determination of a wealthy and arrogant neighbour to drive the gallant little women out of business, and last but not least, that persistent snoring ghost that always chose stormy nights for making trouble, and actually drove some of the best boarders away. In the end, however, the ghost is laid; and Aunt Patience, reinforced by a matrimonial alliance with Cap'n Obed, her faithful shadow, plans for the coming season certain new extensions that will "make city folks set up and take notice."

"OF HUMAN BONDAGE"

Of Human Bondage, by W. Somerset Maugham, is a book so unusual, so daringly big, that it refuses to be measured by the ordinary conventional standards of fiction. In some ways it is scarcely a novel at all, merely a series of unnumbered episodes, following one another at haphazard through long, dragging years, and then again, as we watch the central figure, little by little pass through the vital transitions from childhood and adolescence to maturity, the whole large pattern of life takes shape, and we glimpse, not with full understanding, but tentatively, the intricate scheme of a human destiny. Philip Carey began life handicapped by a club-foot, quiveringly sensitive as to his infirmity. An orphan at the age of nine, misunderstood by guardian and teachers, utterly misunderstanding himself, he drifts through unhappy years, irresolute, vacillating, a disappointment to himself and to others. At one time he was to take Orders; a university career was in any case determined upon; then all this was rejected for linguistic studies in Germany. A public accountant was his next ambition, to be soon abandoned for art and the gay life of the Latin Quarter. Then London again, the hospitals and the dissecting rooms; then failure to pass examinations, empty pockets and the mortifying publicity of a professional window-dresser. A rolling stone's life, when meagrely epitomised; but under Mr. Maugham's magic touch, how it glows and scintillates with colour and movement and life! Names and faces flash forth in a swift, unending procession, women's faces especially, Fanny,

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Mildred, Norah, Sally, each with her own share of the world's joy and tragedy and shame, each some poignant memory that haunts the reader like some personal page of life. It is a strangely crowded canvas on which Mr. Maugham has drawn his trooping procession, from upper and under world alike, hoping and praying, laughing and cursing, suffering and dying, a ruthless cross-section of Human Comedy, remorselessly true, save for an occasional gargoyle touch. And through it all the one big human experience, that we do not quite sense while we are reading, because we are too near to it and too confused with the multiplicity of life, is the long, slow struggle of a human soul to find itself, the belated awakening of a boy into the full maturity of ripened manhood.

"THE LOVABLE MEDDLER"

Picture to yourself a large family heavily burdened with debt: the father a lazy, visionary, temperamental man, deceiving himself with the futile illusion that he can paint; the wife a frail but dauntless little woman, who, after having spent her strength in giving him eight children, has now become the wage-earner, toiling bravely to pay off the debts; the eight girls all quite aware of their father's selfishness, yet all joining uncomplainingly in a conspiracy of silence, never hinting that he is otherwise than the great genius that he believes himself. The younger girls, in spite of hard times and privations, manage to have a pretty good time; but the oldest, effectionately known by her sisters as Mother Rose, bears the whole burden of housekeeper, home-maker and foster-mother, cook, dressmaker and general contriver, putting aside her own young dreams, sending away the man who would gladly share her burden, and looking unflinchingly down the long future years during which the toil must go on until the debts are cleared. The whole thing seems rather incredible, because palpably so unnecessary. Eight able-bodied young women, bright, well educated and equipped for practical life, ought to have been able, by combining resources to get the family out of the financial slough, without letting the mother work herself to the brink of her grave. But for the practical purposes of the present story this simple and natural solution would not do. You see, unless conditions in the Weston family had not been quite desperate, there would have been no need for Dr. Glenmuir, the shrewd, irascible Scotch physician, with a grouchy manner and a big, kindly heart, to indulge in his favourite pastime of meddling. And when the Doctor started to meddle he did so with such good purpose that money troubles and household burdens and lovers' misunderstandings all straightened themselves out quite miraculously, and every one lived happily ever after. All of which is the most unlikely sort of story that could well be imagined, yet told with a candour and self-confidence that are disarming.

As a child in petticoats Samuel Johnson could read, and seemed to understand, learned books. At thirteen Francis Bacon entered Cambridge, which he left with a low opinion of the courses there. Immanuel Kant was well read at seven. Goethe composed dialogues at six. At the same age Voltaire wrote verse. Sir Walter Scott entered Edinburgh University at twelve, and at the same age began to write novels. Stevenson recited "On Linden" at three. Yet until a quarter of a century ago the curious fiction prevailed that the dull child was a normal being and the bright one was abnormal and marked for early death. This contradiction Mr. Bailey Millard will discuss in his paper on "Precocity and Genius" in the October BOOKMAN.

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READER'S GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Philosophy

The Creative Process in the Individual. By T. Troward. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. $1.25 net.
Creative process considered from an evolutionary standpoint, with a view toward getting the individual into harmony with natural law.

The Will in Ethics. By Theophilus B. Stork. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25 net.
Dealing with conflicting theories of the power and place of the will, with special application to the theory illustrated by Germany in the present war.

Religion and Theology

Obscure People. By Edgar Whitaker Work. New York: American Tract Society. 50 cents net.
Studies of the lesser known figures of the *Bible*.

The Old Gospel in the New Century. By James D. McCaughtry. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
Essays on the relation of accepted theology to modern conditions.

Sociology and Economics

Citizens in Industry. By Charles Richmond Henderson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.
Efficiency in the employee, from the point of view of the social worker.

"Common Sense" Applied to Woman Suffrage. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.
The reasons in favour of suffrage for women, with a consideration of the arguments against it, and with special reference to the issues presented to the New York State Convention.

The Cost of Living. By Walter E. Clark. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.
A discussion of the increased cost of staple food products from the layman's point of view.

The Cry for Justice: An Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest. Edited by Upton Sinclair, with an Introduction by Jack London. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
An anthology mostly of verses, from the literature of social unrest and protest against existing conditions.

Legends of Old Honolulu. Collected and Translated from the Hawaiian by W. D. Westervelt. Boston: George H. Ellis Company. $1.50.
Depicting the struggles, the triumphs, the wanderings of the people, their thoughts and their aspirations.

Our Chinese Chances. By Paul Myron. Chicago: Linebarger Brothers Publishers. Illustrated. $1.50.
A discussion of our trade opportunities with China, and an indictment of Yuan Shi-kai.

Trusts and Competition. By John F. Crowell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.
The trust, its development, and the legislation affecting combinations.

War and Woman: An Exposition of Man's Failure as a Harmonizer. By Henry Clay Hasbrough. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.00 net.
An argument for universal peace on the theory of man's failure as a harmonizer.

Political Economy

Nation of Nations: A Government of Governments. By Alfred Owen Crozier. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. 50 cents.
A plan for securing world peace through the creation of a super nation.

Politics and Metaphysics. By Frank Preston Stearns. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.
The science of politics analysed and developed inductively from the historical point of view.

Military and Naval

Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The mechanics, navigation, tactics, etc.

European War

The Campaign of 1914. By George Herbert Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50 net.
A study of the technique and also of the human side of the early battles.

Elements of the Great War: The First Phase. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $1.50 net.
A military history of the present war, by an authority.

Evolution and the War. By P. Chalmers Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.
Some of the problems of biology and

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of nature's laws that apply to and are illustrated by the war.

God and War. By Daniel Roy Freeman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
Showing how war is a social and religious crime.

The History of Twelve Days: July 24 to August 4, 1914. By J. W. Headlam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
An account of the negotiations preceding the outbreak of the European War, based on official publications.

In a French Hospital. Notes of a Nurse. By M. Eydoux-Démians. Translated by Betty Yeomans. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.00 net.
The human side of the great war. Stories of the wounded and of the nurses at the front.

India and the War, with an Introduction by Lord Sydenham. New York: George H Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
India's attitude toward the war and toward England, with a description of the Indian troops.

Men, Women and War. By Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.00 net.
The human side of the war as personally witnessed by an American correspondent.

The Psychology of the Kaiser. By Morton Prince. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 60 cents net.
A study of the Kaiser as an instigator of the present war.

The Soul of Germany. By Thomas F. A. Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
A study of Teuton ideals and daily life by an English lecturer in a German university.

What is Back of the War. By Albert J. Beveridge. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
The results of the author's investigation into the attitude toward the war held by representative men of different classes of society among the warring nations.

Education

Good English: A Practical Manual of Correct Speaking and Writing. By John Louis Haney. Philadelphia: The Egerton Press. $1.00 net.
A text-book, arranged alphabetically by phrases.

The Merrill Readers: Third Reader. By Franklin B. Dyer and Mary J. Brady. New York: Charles E. Merrill Company. Illustrated.
A selection of stories and poems from literature of the worth-while kind.

Play in Education. By Joseph Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
An interpretation of the child to grown-up people.

The Practical Conduct of Play. By Henry Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.
A text-book for those preparing for playground positions, and a practical manual for all who have to do with the organization of play.

Philology

Contemporary Portraits. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.
The author's conversations with the leading figures in literature.

Science

The Butterfly Guide. By W. J. Holland. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25 net.
A pocket manual for the ready identification of the commoner species found in the United States and Canada.

Applied Science, Engineering

The Marine Motor. By Frank W. Sterling. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Illustrated. 70 cents.
A hand-book describing the marine motor and its care.

Domestic Economy

Inexpensive Furnishings in Good Taste. By Ekin Wallick. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A book of practical information for decorating and furnishing a small house in good taste at a reasonable cost.

Fine Arts

Lost Mosaics and Frescoes of Rome of the Mediæval Period. By C. R. Morey. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A publication of drawings contained in the collection of Cassiano Dal Pozzo, now in the Royal Library, Windsor Castle.

Games, Sports and Amusements

Letters from Brother Bill, 'Varsity Sub, to Tad, Captain of the Beechville High School Eleven. By Walter Kellogg Towers. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
Advice to would-be football players.

Poetry and Drama

Barbarians: A Play in One Act. By Robert DeCamp Leland. Boston: The Poetry-Drama Company. 35 cents.
Modern problems overdone.

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Beyond Disillusion. By William Norman Guthrie. New York: The Petrus Stuyvesant Book Guild.
A dramatic study of a phase of modern marriage.

British and American Drama of To-day. Outlines for Their Study. By Barrett H. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.60 net.
The technique of play construction, with biographies and historical sketches.

Casus Belli: A Satire, with Other Poems. By Charles Richard Cammell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.
A satire on the wickedness and folly of the present war.

The Faith of Princes, with a Sheaf of Sonnets. By Harvey M. Watts. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.00 net.
Poems upon the present war, and upon the doctrine that "might makes right."

The Gates of Utterance and Other Poems. By Gladys Cromwell. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. 80 cents net.
Verses regarding spiritual events and experiences.

The Little Mother of the Slums and Other Plays. By Emily Herey Denison. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
Plays of modern life and problems.

Peace Sonnets. By Jessie Wiseman Gibbs. Villisca, Iowa: Jessie Wiseman Gibbs.
A collection of poems inspired by the European War.

Prayer for Peace and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Poems on the war and on miscellaneous subjects.

Rhymes and Vowlymes. By Fuller Miller. Published by Author.
An effort after simple, unaffected expression in verse forms.

Selections from the Symbolical Poems of William Blake. By Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00 net.
Selections made by an assistant professor in the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University.

The Sinking of the Titanic and Other Poems. By C. Victor Stahl. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
Poems of many feelings and moods occasioned largely by recent events.

Sin, Original and Actual: The Plain People's Plaint. By T. K. E. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A protest against commercialism as the original sin of the Scriptures and the menace of modern civilisation.

Some Love Songs of Petrarch. Translated and Annotated and with a Biographical Introduction by William Dudley Foulke. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.15.

A Woman Alone. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.
Contemporary London life, the interest lying in the attitude of the chief character toward current ideas.

Fiction

Anne of the Island. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: The Page Company. $1.25 net.
Telling of Anne's college life, her new friends, and her romance.

The Charlatan's Prophecy. By George Klingle. Boston: Richard. $1.35 net.
Venice of the thirteenth century forms the background for a romantic love story.

From the Shelf. By Paxton Holgar. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.
Reflections from a deserted monastery in a Spanish Mediterranean island.

The House of Many Mirrors. By Violet Hunt. New York. Brentano's. $1.35 net.
A novel of society life and of modern problems.

Jimmy's Gentility. By Henry Francis Dryden. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.35 net.
An extravaganza of wit and philosophy in the form of an autobiographical novel.

The Lovable Meddler. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company. $1.35 net.
By the author of the ten thousand dollar prize story. The plot is full of mystery and adroit twists.

Michael O'Halloran. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
The hero is an Irish lad of real wit and sprightliness. The book expresses a feeling for nature, and the charm of the woods and flowers.

Millstone. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
A mystery story of white slavery, with emphasis upon the psychology of the criminal.

Of Human Bondage. By W. Somserset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.
An intensive study of twenty-one years of a man's life.

The Sea-Hawk. By Rafael Sabatini. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.
Pirates, Spanish gold and galleons in the days of Elizabeth.

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Thirty. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A sophisticated hero of the intellectual proletariat arouses a social conscience among some interesting members of the upper strata. An intimate picture of a phase of newspaper life.

The Tollhouse. By Evelyn St. Leger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

The effect of the war on an old-fashioned English village.

Two Sinners. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, $1.35 net.

A study of the "Eternal Feminine" as exhibited in England.

Juvenile Books

Christmas Plays for Children. By May Pemberton. Music and Illustrations by Rupert Godfrey Lee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Four short plays with music that can be given by children at home or in school.

Manual of the Woodcraft Indians: The Fourteenth Birch-Bark Roll. Containing Their Constitution, Laws, and Deeds, and Much Additional Matter. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.

Designed to teach woodcraft in its best sense to young people, and to tell them how to enjoy and understand the woods.

Sandman Time. By Ilsien N. Gaylord. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Verses suitable to read to little children just before sleeping time.

Stampkraft. The Story of Peter Rabbit. By Beatrix Potter. New York: United Art Publishing Company. 10 cents.

A story for children, with twelve poster stamps to be used as illustrations.

Tom Kenyon, Schoolboy. By M. Harding Kelly. New York: American Tract Society.

A schoolboy story with a tendency to point morals.

History

Holland: The Birthplace of American Political, Civic and Religious Liberty. An Historical Essay. By H. A. von Coenen Torchiana. San Francisco. Paul Elder & Company. $1.25 net.

An essay on the historical influence of Holland upon European and American civilisations.

Geography, Travel and Description

The Real Round-the-World Pocket Guide-Book. By William Harman Black. New York: The Association for New York. With maps. $2.50 net.

Round-the-world tours, day by day.

The Spell of the Holy Land. By Archie Bell. Boston: The Page Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A well-illustrated travel book for stay-at-homes.

Biography, Genealogy

The Life of Henry Laurens, with a Sketch of The Life of Lieutenant-Colonel John Laurens. By D. D. Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

President of the Continental Congress, 1777-1779. He was also one of the greatest merchants and planters in the Colonies.

Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena (1815-1821). By Norwood Young. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. Two volumes. $7.00 net.

The man Napoleon from 1815 to 1821, with emphasis upon the English point of view.

Napoleon in Exile at Elba (1814-1815). By Norwood Young. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated.

A companion volume to the above.

General Works, Miscellaneous

A Captain of the Vanished Fleet. By Benjamin Sharp. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

Memories of the old Nantucket of "square riggers" and whaling fleets.

Castles and Abbeys in England in Poetic and Romantic Lore. By Edward Schuch. Minneapolis: Edward Schuch. Illustrated.

Largely a collection of poems dealing with England's castles and abbeys, with pen sketches by the author.

Clowns Courage. By Patrick Scarlet. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Facetious fairy stories of satire and comedy.

The Fotygraft Album. Drawings and Text by Frank Wing. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company.

A satire on the family album. The drawings (by the author) are supposed to be described by a little girl, aged eleven.

The Small House for a Moderate Income. By Ekin Wallick. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A book of designs with exterior and interior views. Especially adapted for those contemplating the building of a small suburban or country house.

The Widow Woman, by Charles Lee; Prophets, Priests and Kings, by A. G. Gardiner; The Lore of the Wanderer: An Open-Air Anthology, by George Goodchild; The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, by George Gissing. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 40 cents each.

Four Volumes in *The Wayfarers Library*, a series of reprints of popular books of comparatively recent times.

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THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York(Uptown)...	The Harbour	Sanine
New York(Downtown)	A Far Country	The Landloper
Albany, N. Y.....	Thankful's Inheritance	A Far Country
Atlanta, Ga.....	Jaffery	A Far Country
Baltimore, Md.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Birmingham, Ala.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Boston, Mass.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Boston, Mass.....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
Buffalo, N. Y.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Chicago, Ill.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Cleveland, Ohio.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Dallas, Tex.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Denver, Colo.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Des Moines, Iowa....	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
Detroit, Mich.....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
Houston, Tex.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Indianapolis, Ind.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Kansas City, Mo.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Rose Garden Husband	A Far Country
Louisville, Ky.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Memphis, Tenn.	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Milwaukee, Wis.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Minneapolis, Minn.....	Ruggles of Red Gap	Pollyanna Grows Up
New Haven, Conn....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance
New Orleans, La.....	A Far Country	Empty Pockets
Norfolk, Va.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
Philadelphia, Pa.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Portland, Me.....	A Far Country	The Landloper
Portland, Ore.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Richmond, Va.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Rochester, N. Y.....	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up
San Antonio, Tex.....	A Far Country	The Honey Bee
San Francisco, Cal....	Jaffery	A Far Country
San Francisco, Cal....	Jaffery	The Honey Bee
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna Grows Up	A Far Country
St. Louis, Mo.....	A Far Country	The Keeper of the Door
St. Paul, Minn.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Seattle, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	A Far Country
Tacoma, Wash.....	The Rim of the Desert	The Turmoil
Toledo, Ohio.....	A Far Country	The Turmoil
Toronto, Can.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Utica, N. Y.....	Thankful's Inheritance	A Far Country
Waco, Tex.....	A Far Country	Empty Pockets
Washington, D. C.....	A Far Country	Jaffery
Worcester, Mass.....	A Far Country	Thankful's Inheritance

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
A Far Country	Jaffery	On Desert Altars	Athalie
The Honey Bee	Open Market	Jaffery	The Harbour
Jaffery	Anne of the Island	Athalie	The Turmoil
The Rose Garden Husband	Through Stained Glass	Pollyanna Grows Up	
Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance	The Double Traitor	The Yellow Claw
Jaffery	Still Jim	The Rim of the Desert	The Turmoil
The Harbour	Thankful's Inheritance	The Taming of Zenas Henry	Open Market
Jaffery	The Turmoil	Angela's Business	The Harbour
Thankful's Inheritance	Victory	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Honey Bee
Thankful's Inheritance	The Harbour	Jaffery	Ruggles of Red Gap
House of the Misty Star	The Yellow Claw	Hepsey Burke	Sanine
The Honey Bee	Hepsey Burke	Thankful's Inheritance	Empty Pockets
The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Second Blooming	Angela's Business
Pollyanna Grows Up	Open Market	Still Jim	Ruggles of Red Gap
The Rose Garden Husband	The Honey Bee	Hepsey Burke	The Harbour
Jaffery	The Double Traitor	The Honey Bee	House of the Misty Star
The House of the Misty Star	Open Market	A Far Country	The Rose Garden Husband
The Turmoil	The Harbour	Open Market	Angela's Business
Bealby	The Harbour	The Turmoil	House of the Misty Star
Jaffery	The Good Shepherd	The Wooden Horse	The Turmoil
Angela's Business	The Cocoon	The Honey Bee	The Turmoil
Ruggles of Red Gap	Still Jim	Sun Down Slim	The Valley of Fear
Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary
The Harbour	The Turmoil	Jaffery	Thankful's Inheritance
Jaffery	Open Market	The Taming of Zenas Henry	The Landloper
Jaffery	The Life Builders	The Second Blooming	Ruggles of Red Gap
Jaffery	The Code of the Mountain	Sundown Slim	Athalie
Anne of the Island	Thankful's Inheritance	Contrary Mary	The Double Traitor
The Turmoil	Thankful's Inheritance	Mary Moreland	The Harbour
Thankful's Inheritance	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Harbour
Pollyanna Grows Uy	Angela's Business	The Harbour	The Honey Bee
Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	Mary Moreland	The Keeper of the Door
The Turmoil	Still Jim	Jaffery	The Rose Garden Husband
The Turmoil	Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up	Empty Pockets
The Harbour	The Honey Bee.	The Turmoil	The Double Traitor
The Valley of Fear	Victory	Open Market	Ruggles of Red Gap
Jaffery	House of the Misty Star	The Harbour	Still Jim
Jaffery	Mary Moreland	The Double Traitor	The Rose Garden Husband
Pollyanna Grows Up	Still Jim	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance	Through Stained Glass
Jaffery	A Far Country	The Valley of Fear	The Double Traitor
Pollyanna Grows Up	Thankful's Inheritance	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Harbour
The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Double Traitor	The Valley of Fear
The Landloper	The Harbour	Jaffery	Pollyanna Grows Up
Still Jim	The Turmoil	Innocent	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Thankful's Inheritance	The Harbour	The House of the Misty Star	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Rose Garden Husband	Jaffery	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending July 7th:

1. Modern Drama. Lewisohn.
2. John Shaw Billings. Garrison.
3. Tennis as I Play It. McLoughlin.
4. Breath of Life. Burroughs.
5. Spoon River Anthology. Masters.

For the week ending July 14th:

1. Slav Nations. Tucic.
2. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
3. The Human German. Edgeworth.
4. New Optimism. Stacpoole.
5. Spiritual Letters. Benson.

For the week ending July 21st:

1. How France is Governed. Poincare.
2. Studies of the Great War. Hillis.
3. Tennis as I Play It. McLoughlin.
4. Spiritual Letters. Benson.
5. Selling Latin America. Aughinbaugh.
6. The Human German. Edgeworth.

For the week ending July 28th:

1. Pan-Americanism. Usher.
2. Defenceless America. Maxim.
3. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
4. New Map of Europe. Gibbons.
5. Play Writing for the Cinema. Dench.
6. Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
War Brides. Craig-Wentworth.
Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
The World in the Crucible. Parker.
The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
The Spell of the Yukon. Service.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
That Something. Woodbridge.
Four Weeks in the Trenches. Kreisler.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing list, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. A Far Country. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	422
2. Jaffery. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	266
3. The Turmoil. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	155
4. Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	146
5. Thankful's Inheritance. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	131
6. The Harbour. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.40	95

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